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NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT has snatched a brief holiday over Whitsun, and Mr. MacDonald has been contemplating his reconstructed Cabinet from distant Lossiemouth. The reshuffle has excited little public interest and less party hope. Lord Passfield is not, after all, to be retired from the Colonial Office; the ingenuous Dr. Addison, who built houses in Coalition days, is placed in charge of agriculture; and those unconsidered trifles, Messrs. Wedgwood and Kenworthy, remain unappropriated. The Left Wing, of course, is still ignored.

The unemployment figures are up again this week, and the best men in the Labour camp are frankly dubious whether Mr. MacDonald's forthcoming Guildhall Conference will prove more effective as a remedy than Mr. Thomas's after-dinner speeches. On form, as racing men say,

there is just a chance that Dr. Addison knows more about the subject than either his present chief or the late Lord Privy Seal.

But he has been delegated to another department—as usual in our political system, which always distrusts the expert—and in any case the wooden obstinacy of Mr. Snowden can be trusted to block any constructive policy. It is more and more clear that Free Trade is not only not a remedy, but that the mental attitude it inculcates blocks any other remedy.

Mr. Baldwin's long-awaited agricultural policy turns out to be a guaranteed price for wheat—in other words, very much the same as Labour's policy, minus an import board but plus a duty on imported barley. Obviously what matters to the farmer is the figure at which the price was guaranteed; but politicians who are profuse with words are shy over figures, and here Mr. Baldwin left his audience guessing.



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These things, for what they are worth—and the National Farmers' Union has issued a provisional benediction—are pledges to be implemented if and when Mr. Baldwin is returned to power. But farmers have long memories, and some of them will recollect the promises given by Mr. Baldwin in 1924—"analagous measures" to safeguarding was, I believe, the term used—and reflect that four years of office followed, during which performance waited on promise in vain. If foreign barley is a menace now, were not foreign oats a menace then?

This sort of thing is mere playing with words, and it would be more straightforward for politicians to say that they are afraid of the urban vote and have done with it. Then the farmers would believe them; as it is they listen politely and wait for the inevitable excuse for the inevitable breach of faith.

The political event of the week was the publication of the First Part of the Simon Report. Its importance was foreseen, but the public interest taken in it was a pleasant surprise to those who despaired of this country ever realizing the gravity of its responsibilities. The Simon Report will be a turning point in our administration of one-fifth of the human race, but its importance is even greater than that. The principles that it lays down must in future generations influence profoundly our policy with regard to the African Protectorates. What the Durham Report was to the Dominions the Simon Report should be to the subject empire.

The full Report will, of course, be examined in some detail in our subsequent issues, but the first section shows that the Commission has risen unanimously to the height of its opportunity in analyzing the present situation. The real test will come, however, when the Second Part of the Report containing proposals for the future is made public. Sir John Simon has not in the past given evidence of possessing a constructive intellect, but an accurate diagnosis is the essential preliminary to a sound remedy.

The Commission has realized the great, and indeed growing, importance of the Indian States. It is, however, embarrassed by the still unaccepted and unrejected report of the Indian States Committee. While disclaiming any right or desire to pass judgment, the Commission cannot conceal its doubts as to the soundness of some of the findings of that document. This will, of course, encourage the Princes to press more actively for the rejection of certain parts of that Report before the Conference in London is opened in the autumn.

The fairness of the Simon Report is exemplified in its treatment of the vexed question of Indianization of the army. The Commission shows that it is a *sine qua non* of Dominion status that there should be an Indian army capable of maintaining internal order and of undertaking part of the defence of the frontiers, and also that that army should not be led exclusively by officers of the British or of the martial races. At the same time it recognizes that the slow progress of Indianization is a natural, even a legitimate, cause for

Indian distrust of our sincerity in promising them responsible government.

Great pressure has been brought to bear on Sir John Simon and his colleagues to ascribe communal ill-feeling to the system of communal electorates by which in many cases Mohammedans and Hindus are elected only by their co-religionists. English politicians might well have viewed with distrust a system so far removed from British ideas. They have understood Indian conditions, however, and seen that the causes of communal distrust are far deeper and are indeed the cause, not the consequence, of communal electorates. It is pointed out that the system of specialized electorates, by which such special classes as landowners, planters and Chambers of Commerce, are given representation, was due to the logic of circumstances which overcame the reluctance of the framers of the present constitution to depart so far from the theory at any rate of the English model.

While avoiding the fallacies of Montaguism, the Report does not fall into those of O'Dwyerism. It recognizes that those who are demanding Swaraj are a microscopic minority of the Indian peoples, but it does not fail to notice that the politicians do voice a widespread and growing nationalist sentiment. The insignificance of the prophets has not been allowed to obscure the vitality of the creed.

I find it difficult to share in the optimism that a section of the Press is displaying in respect of the progress of events in Rumania. There can be no doubt that if the country settles down under Carol II, it will be the best solution of a very difficult problem, but the new monarch has so far omitted to give evidence of a single one of those qualities which are essential to the successful occupation of a throne. He is, however, now in his thirty-seventh year, so it may be that his by no means inconsiderable crop of wild oats is already sown.

What does seem obvious is that the best service Queen Marie, that Elizabeth Farnese of our time, can do to Rumania would be to leave it for ever. When the inner history of the Balkans during the past twelve years comes to be written, I shrewdly suspect that turbulent woman will be found to have been at the bottom of much of the trouble that has arisen. English princesses are not this country's most valuable exports, as was also proved in the case of the Empress Frederick.

In the meantime, King Carol is busily engaged in window-dressing, doubtless in the hope of arranging that foreign loan which was refused to the Regency, and the need for which was not the least cause of his return. As to the suggestion that he may become King of Hungary too, it is about as likely as an offer of the throne of France to the ex-Kaiser. Hungary means to have the Archduke Otto for its monarch, and the sooner the statesmen of Europe realize the fact the better.

The situation in Malta appears to be going from bad to worse, and the anti-clerical rioting is the inevitable corollary of the attitude adopted by the ecclesiastical authorities. Indeed, if it really be true that the latter are demanding that Maltese officials must obey the Church rather than the State, they would appear to have forgotten the divine command which made a distinction between the things that are God's and those that are Cæsar's.

On the other hand, there is reason to suppose that within the next week or two the Vatican will issue its reply to the official British statement, and we shall then be in a better position to judge between Lord Strickland and his opponents. The danger, as I see it, is not so much of a violent upheaval in Malta, as of a long dispute, like the unhappy *Action Française* affair, which will embitter the life of the island for years to come.

It was curious to read the prediction by Father Woodlock, that in twenty years' time the Protestant Churches will have composed their differences, and agreed to unite on a Modernist basis. I am not much of a betting man, nor, I suppose is Father Woodlock—in spite of the traditional interest of the Jesuits in the doctrine of probability—but I should be quite willing to have a small flutter with him on the question. The amount of Modernism that would justify him in claiming the stakes would be difficult to define, but union either exists or does not exist, and the prospects of any general reunion of Protestants still seems remote.

I am fortified in this sceptical attitude by the recollection that clerical, like lay prophecies, are often singularly wide of the mark. A predecessor of the present Bishop of Durham wrote a book in the eighteenth century, to prove that the Church of England could not last another generation, and in one of the early Tractarian biographies the statement was made that Lutheranism was virtually dead. I happened to recollect this remark when staying in a German hotel a year or so ago during a clerical conference. But the excellent pastors seemed very much alive and in earnest.

Sir William Allardyce, whose lamented death is a loss to the Empire, was Governor of the Falkland Islands at the time that Admiral von Spee was in command of the Southern Seas. Admiral Sturdee suddenly appeared in Port Stanley with his avenging fleet, and asked the Governor where he thought Von Spee was. "Don't you worry about Von Spee," was the reply, "because he will come to you." "How do you know?" said Sturdee. "By natural instinct," answered Allardyce. He was promptly proved right.

The death of Sir Herbert Warren removes almost the last of the notable Heads of Houses of pre-war days. "Tommy" Case of Corpus, Strong of the "House," Heberden of B.N.C., Wells of Wadham, and Spooner of New College, are all dead or gone elsewhere, but they deserve a high place in Oxford annals for their success in preserving the old traditions of the University during the war and the years that immediately followed it.

THE BALDWIN IMPASSE

LAST week we suggested that the time had now come when Mr. Baldwin could best serve his party by stepping down from the leadership; and we pointed out that while his instincts were generally wise, his hesitancy in action, and his habit of returning on his own tracks and fumbling an issue at the decisive moment, had already led many unquestionably sound Conservatives to whisper in private what we thought it a duty to say in public. Our post-bag has borne testimony to the response evoked by these remarks, and even those who dissent from our conclusions seem less inclined to undertake the onerous task of defending Mr. Baldwin than to discuss the personality of his possible successor. Men who have already reached that stage are obviously torn by a conflict of conscience between loyalty to their leader and loyalty to their party. On that matter we can only say that, admirable as is the affection which Mr. Baldwin has naturally and properly inspired in so many of his followers, it is inconceivable that the personal position of an individual should be considered for a moment, in comparison with the interests of a great party.

In illustration of these remarks we recalled last week that Mr. Baldwin, as a Protectionist Prime Minister, had asked a militant Free Trader to become his Chancellor of the Exchequer; and we may now add another and more recent instance. When Lord Beaverbrook made his compromise with Mr. Baldwin, and Empire Free Trade was accepted as the official policy of the Conservative Party, it is understood that Lord Beaverbrook very properly gave Mr. Baldwin an undertaking that the Conservative leader should not be dragged at the chariot wheels of Fleet Street, in a newspaper triumph; and with Lord Rothermere's approval the same undertaking was given on behalf of the *Daily Mail* as of the *Daily Express* group of newspapers. But no similar undertaking was asked for from Mr. Baldwin, and as a result of this omission, some of the leading organs of the Conservative Party—with or without the encouragement of Mr. Baldwin, but with the certain sympathy of the Central Office—have conducted a veiled but systematic campaign against the essential features of the Empire Free Trade policy, and given it a half-hearted support more harmful than all the attacks of its Liberal and Labour opponents. It can hardly be supposed that Mr. Baldwin was unaware of this manoeuvre, or that a word from him in public or in private would not have secured fair play.

That word has not been spoken. Mr. Baldwin has pursued his usual course of hesitant inactivity, and he stands to-day as leader of a party divided against itself. Pressure from his own rank and file has forced him to rid himself of Mr. Davidson, whose chief fault was that he served his master too faithfully. But while he has been attempting to conciliate the Cobdenites and the half-hearted, he has allowed the Labour Party to steal his thunder and to come forward with an import policy which, while not embracing all the benefits of Empire Free Trade, offers more immediate advantages to the Dominions than the nebulous formula which he has propounded as the *ultima*

spes of the Conservative Party. His Whit-Monday speech on agriculture, which promised everything in words and nothing in figures, was similarly disappointing. A few more weeks of this negative indecision, and the last stronghold of the Conservative Party will have been surrendered to the enemy or to the Empire Crusaders.

The party has passed through seven of the leanest years in its existence. The seven fat years are not yet even remotely visible. To-day its very existence is at stake. It has reached a stage when every Conservative must ask himself the question: Where are we going? Are we to endure seven more years of indecision and equivocation? Are we to allow the Empire to disintegrate because we have not the courage to take the only course which can preserve it? Are we to court certain defeat because we are afraid to risk an uncertain victory? Has democracy reached such a pitch that we must follow the mob instead of leading it? There comes a time in the affairs of the nation when loyalty to the State is more important than loyalty to an individual. These are the issues which confront Mr. Baldwin to-day. He must face them boldly or take the consequences.

THE REAL BOLSHEVIST MENACE

THERE is a very real danger that the lurid stories of Bolshevik plots, with which week after week certain popular newspapers make their readers' flesh creep, should cause what is the genuine menace of Bolshevism to be disregarded and not understood. We do not believe that there is any chance of a Communist rising being fomented in this country if the Soviet authorities have twenty-five rooms in Bush House, or even if they have two hundred and fifty. The account, garnished with headlines, of the attempt to persuade a Serbian gentleman, living in London, to become a Bolshevik spy appears to us slightly ridiculous. In Western Europe, the direct Bolshevik propaganda is an expensive waste of money.

In the East, Bolshevik plottings are an irritation and may be a considerable danger, but in Asia the schemings of the Third International are curiously national. They are a repetition of the Russian plottings which were a constant trouble to British statesmen at the end of last century. New Bolshevism is old Tsarism writ large.

The real Bolshevik danger is not to be found in the excitement of revolution outside Russia, but in the spread beyond Russia's frontiers of the new morality and the new culture, which have become the bases of the intellectual, spiritual and material life of the generation that has grown to manhood and womanhood in Russia since the revolution.

European civilization is largely the creation of the Christian Church, modified by the advance of knowledge and the multiplication of discoveries and inventions. The family remains its foundation, and family life has been preserved by religion, by private property, and by the assumption of the chastity of women. Bolshevism has abolished private property; it seeks to abolish religion; it

sets no store whatever on chastity. Mme Kollontai's novel, 'The Love of Three Generations,' makes the last assertion perfectly clear. In his remarkable book, 'Humanity Uprooted,' Mr. Maurice Hindus says that under Bolshevism "chastity as a principle and a practice, as a canon and a custom in and of itself ceases to have any meaning, any virtue, any glory." In Russia divorce is far easier even than it is in the State of Nevada. In one year in Moscow there were more divorces than marriages, and Mr. Hindus says that "people stand in line for their divorce with the same display of patience and good nature as they show when they wait their turn to buy a loaf of bread in a bakery." The peril to the family is emphasized by the fact that it is no longer accepted as a permanent human institution by sociologists outside Russia who would certainly not profess and call themselves Bolsheviks. Mr. Bertrand Russell, for example, while cherishing the family, appears to regard its disappearance as inevitable.

Bolshevism is a purely materialistic philosophy, which repudiates all traditional sanctions and inhibitions. The defence of persecution, of the use of terror as a political force, of international plottings and of the constant repudiation of pledges, is found in the conviction that a Communist society is sooner or later the inevitable consequence of economic forces, and that it is therefore natural and right to hasten its coming, and unnatural and wrong to hinder its institution.

The repudiation of sentimentality finds its expression in various aspects of the common life. In Russia the earnest and highly intelligent young generation that is attempting to forge a new civilization has concluded that any form of romance is calculated to be a misleading illusion. Mr. Hindus quotes from a recent Russian novel in which one of the girl characters says: "Those who seek in love something more than physiology are viewed with ridicule like mere half-wits," and in another novel a student exclaims: "Love is only a bourgeois caper which hampers the advancement of the cause." The destruction of the family, the destruction of religion, the disregard of chastity, the scorn of romance, the complete acceptance of the dogma that the end justifies the means, these are the foundation stones on which the new civilization is to be erected.

Is the old civilization in any danger? The only possible answer is that it is in imminent danger. We have already suggested that family life is weakening. It is notorious that religion generally is playing a smaller and smaller part in the general life. The reorganization of business, slowly as it is proceeding, means in the long run the mechanization of industry, the reduction of the workman into the robot, the workman who, because he is a man, will sometimes loaf, into the robot who does not know how to loaf. There is, indeed, something more than wit in the suggestion that mankind may be only one stage in progress from the ape to the machine.

Chastity is certainly not held in such high regard as before the war. In his remarkable book 'A Preface to Morals,' the American sociologist, Mr. Walter Lipmann, insists that the common knowledge of the methods of birth prevention is the most important and must be the most far-reaching event in social history. And Mr. Wells

would seem to be much of the same mind. Further, the scorn of sentimental love expressed by the Russian writers whom we have quoted is to be found to a modified extent in some of the most popular contemporary English and American novelists.

It is true that the subversive theories of the Bolshevik mentality at present affect only a very small, and certainly not the most stable, section of Western society, but their influence must grow unless intelligence is combated by intelligence and agitation by agitation. There must be persistent opposition to proposals for the weakening of family ties; effective antidotes must be provided for the poison administered by the novel, the play and the film. Traditional values may need readjustment in a transitional age. But the major good which they contain must be preserved lest we lose more than we gain. We cannot afford to throw out the baby while we are changing the bath-water.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL RIVALRY

FOR some months past we have, as our readers will remember, been strongly of opinion that there could be no hope of effecting any substantial reduction in European naval armaments until the problem of the Mediterranean was settled. The outcome of the Naval Conference confirmed us in this view, and now the obvious change for the worse in the relations between France and Italy comes to give further point to this contention. The storm centre of Europe is no longer the Rhine, nor even the Vistula and the Carpathians, but the frontier between the two great Latin nations, and that frontier passes across the Mediterranean until it reaches the dividing-line between Tunis and Libya.

It is not our intention to apportion the blame for the unfortunate situation that has arisen, or to suggest at this juncture that hostilities are imminent or even inevitable. At the same time, it is quite futile for this country to refuse to face the facts, for although none of the problems at issue actually concerns Great Britain, the development of the present dispute may well do so. The delimitation of the frontier between Libya and Tunis, and the status of Italian subjects in the latter Protectorate, doubtless appear at first sight to be of trifling importance so far as the British Empire is concerned, but they have already resulted in the claim of Italy to naval parity with her neighbour, the refusal of which may yet upset the agreement which we have made with the United States and Japan; while ever in the background is the determination of Signor Mussolini to secure a revision of those terms of the Treaty of Versailles which deprived his country of any share in the German overseas possessions. Italy, as the *Duce* so graphically put it, must expand or burst, and in either event Great Britain must be profoundly affected.

Moreover, the rivalry between France and Italy is spreading from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Danube, and it is already a factor of the first importance in the tangled politics

of the Balkans. Albania is an Italian protectorate, just as Jugo-Slavia is a satellite of France. Greece is drawing closer to Rome, and so away from Paris. Within the last few days King Carol's return has been, significantly enough, greeted far more cordially in Italy than in France, and it is obvious that Bucharest will now be the scene of a struggle between the rival Latin diplomacies. All this is more than a little reminiscent of the pre-war contests between Russia and Austria in the same field, and the parallel is not reassuring. Furthermore, in the autumn of the present year the Archduke Otto attains his legal majority, and it is already clear that the question of his restoration will then become the occasion of another great diplomatic battle between the Quai d'Orsay and the Palazzo Chigi.

As if this were not enough, we notice a tendency on the Continent, particularly in the French Press, to take it for granted that Great Britain is bound to be implicated in any war that may break out on the mainland of Europe. Against this view we cannot protest too strongly. Locarno represents the *terminus ad quem* of British commitments, not the *terminus a quo*. This country entered the last war with its hands tied in advance, but it will most assuredly not take part in the next one in similar circumstances. We are convinced that our fellow-countrymen deplore the growing estrangement of Italy and France, and we are equally certain that the good offices of the British Government, whatever its political complexion, will always be available if they are required; but if either of the Powers concerned is formulating its policy in the belief that it can count in advance upon the armed support of the British Empire, then we have no hesitation in saying that it is doomed to a very bitter disillusionment.

ON BEING PRESENTED TO THE ENGLISH KING

BY SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

ON being presented at His Majesty's Court I have learned three things. Firstly, colour and pageantry do not reside only in the heart of Asia; secondly, that King George has a breadth of knowledge almost equal to the greatest professor I have ever met; and lastly, judging by the grandeur of it all, the British Empire is not falling down.

To qualify these ideas, take, for instance, the thrill that I felt on receiving the Royal Command to present myself at Court. Beyond being magnificently printed the summons did not differ from other richly got-up invitation cards, as an average man might view it. But we Orientals see more than meets the eye. There was a world of virtue in those lines of print. The mighty command of a monarch was impressed in those cold letters; yes, the voice of the world's greatest empires throbbed and echoed therein, too.

In the days when old Mughals sat on the throne of Delhi, the receipt of such an invitation would be celebrated by the Khans of the hills, by feasting and much rejoicing for weeks together. "So our laird might also see," would sing the village bard, "the radiant face of one on whom plays the shadow

of Allah." Nor does the mantle of the Great Mughal fall unworthily upon King George.

Slowly, as the day drew nearer the presentation, I felt nervous; for it is peculiar to the wild instincts of the hillmen that they would face a shower of bullets and slash whatever is between them and the air with their tulwars quite nonchalantly, but when it comes to decorum, to a full-dressed-up bedazzling court of a king, well, as you most expressively put it in your language, they are literally scared.

It was not due to the fact that I felt myself not possessed of sufficiently polished manners to face the glitter of an English court; but chiefly because I was measuring it with what I had experienced in other awe-ridden Oriental ceremonies, where your limbs might freeze, but you dare not move lest the king's gaze fix you, and, "your head might part company with your shoulders mighty quickly," so to speak.

A long line of motor-cars was ours, as we were moving on inch by inch to the palace. Lumbering desert caravans would have made greater progress, I thought. There we sat inside a steaming-hot limousine, staring at passers-by, merely inhaling each other's breath, mixed as it was with scent and the strong smoke of expensive cigars.

Tired of waiting, an old colonel, one of our companions, began to recount how he put the salt on a tiger's tail in Bengal jungles. The dowager next to me liked to listen to such stories, and every now and then would fondly say: "Any more thrilling experiences, Colonel? Oh, it must be so lovely to be in hot Kashmir!" She liked the gruff timbre of the colonel's voice, his throaty cough not a little.

A thin rain fell, then a shower; later an intermittent dripping of water from the sky—a mournful, hesitating drip, in the manner of one drop now, another after five minutes. Only occasionally did the haze clear up; and beyond the tall chimneys it showed up the naked tenements of those who were not going to the reception. I could see an urchin dart out of his tenement doorway to an adjoining dairy with a cracked milk jug. He threw the penny playfully in the air all the way as he ran on. He was singing merrily.

Sickened by the long wait, I gathered up my long flowing Eastern robe, tucked my astrakhan cap under my arm. Rain or no rain I proposed to walk up to the gate of the palace. The comely dowager could not dream of doing that; her niece would not mind, her complexion was her own. I was fretting because of the long wait, or was it the depression of the weather? I did not know; or my heart craved to solve the mystery of the Court I had not seen. In another minute, at any rate, I was walking.

The hall where we sat waiting was already full to overflowing. Tapestries, paintings of kings, flags, crests and arms decorated the walls. My seat was next to an old country gentleman. He, mercifully, did not talk. His daughter was supplying the deficiency. Try as she may, she could not read my name on the card, as I held it awkwardly upside down. From my dress, she guessed, and said so to one next to her, that I must either be an Eskimo prince or only a Polish general.

A tall, blond, aristocratic-looking gentleman flitted about trying to pacify the ladies. Their Majesties would soon be in the throne-room, I heard him say. The young ladies sprayed their bouquets, the one just in front of me felt every other minute that feathers were not gripping her hair properly. My heart was still beating like a cheap alarm clock. I do not know who was sitting behind me, but his wife was insistent in telling him to put that monocle away if it would not stay on.

Presently a rich melody of 'God Save the King' struck upon our ears. It came floating through

the long corridors from a room distantly placed. All were on their feet (except for a minute or so, the country gentleman on my left was on mine). Their Majesties were in the throne-room. In one long line we were moving on to their presence.

A hush had descended upon the gathering, a silence for royal respect. I could even hear my new shoes squeak. "Chaar—chhaar," as they spoke, filling the narrow passage; I felt like taking them off. Slowly we passed through an ante-chamber. Now I could hear the names of the people announced. A short interval followed, then another announcement.

At last came my turn. The country squire had bowed magnificently as I tarried at the threshold. My card was taken from me by the officer-on-guard, and passed on to half a dozen dignitaries further up to the throne, till it reached the hands of one just before the King. My name was pronounced absolutely correctly. I then advanced. A firm grasp of the King's hand had a magical effect on me. My nervousness was gone. A benign smile lit up the face of the Emperor. His hand-shake was not mechanical, it was deliberate, full of meaning. An honest colour that played upon his countenance was in keeping with that freshness and sincerity which characterizes King George as a sailor. And being true to it his naval uniform that day enlivened the atmosphere.

It was later in the garden party, however, that I was fortunate to have a closer approach to their Majesties. Both the King and the Queen walked about among their guests, mixing and talking to everybody. Little clumps of people collected around them as they moved about so unconventionally. Then I saw His Majesty with a tea-cup in hand. He smoked as he talked to me.

He knew all about Afghanistan. He admired the people. He knew that the river Hammond had thrice changed its course in southern Afghanistan, he was interested in the Buddhist relics of Bamyán; he knew, too, about the Topes of the Khyber Pass. What professor knows more? His voice was mellow, a trifle hoarse, maybe; but it was, above all, his unconventionality that captivated me. He was so unlike a king, and yet so kingly.

Conversing with King George in those sun-lit vistas of the glorious lawns that afternoon, I felt for the first time that real greatness does not, and need not, shroud itself in mystery. And if ever any man had the divine right of kings, this mighty monarch certainly had, for he rules over the hearts of the people. A greater realm was never founded.

THE ENGLISH POLITICAL NOVEL

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE

IT is not a little curious that a nation which has the reputation of being so politically minded as the English should be so poor in writers of the political novel, yet such is undoubtedly the case. It is, of course, true that politics, in one form or another, make their appearance in a large number of works of fiction, but in nearly every instance they are incidental to the main theme rather than the main theme itself. The explanation may lie in the fact that in this country politics are a thing apart from the life of the ordinary citizen: they may, indeed, be his hobby, but in Great Britain they rarely, if ever, affect his daily existence. In Ireland and on the Continent the case is different, and questions of party allegiance are continually obtruding themselves into private life. For these reasons it is perhaps not so surprising as may at first sight appear that the

exponents of political fiction are rare in the land that boasts the Mother of Parliaments.

The political novel suffers from fewer limitations than its historical brother, for in the former the author is under no necessity to paint from life, while in the latter only Mr. Barringer, in 'Gerfalcon' and 'Joris of the Rock,' has, at any rate of recent years, successfully defied the convention that the period must be recognizable by, and comparatively familiar to, the general reader. The writer of political fiction, on the other hand, is limited only by the actual working of the Constitution and by the balance of probabilities. He must not, for instance, allow the King to veto a Bill in the twentieth century, and it would be inadvisable to depict South Kensington as represented by a Socialist, but within the limits already mentioned he is as free as air. He can invent a purely imaginary situation and let it develop as he pleases, while the historical novelist is always in danger of running his head against the brick wall of incontrovertible fact. At the same time, it must be admitted that he does not enjoy the freedom of the writer of pure fiction, for the critic may more easily prefer a charge of improbability against him, to which the other should never be open so long as his characters remain true to the pattern upon which he has designed them.

Certainly the best-known English political novelist is Disraeli, and probably 'Coningsby' is more widely read to-day than any other work of political fiction, while 'Sybil' is quoted by writers on sociology with as much assurance as if it were the official publication of some Government Department. Yet, so far as the former is concerned, it is difficult to understand why this should be so, and one is tempted to wonder whether the book would be remembered at all had not its author been a great statesman, while the esteem in which the latter is held by the social historian is more flattering to its creator's accuracy than to his art. In the "Young England" series Disraeli was frankly didactic, and both plot and characters are subordinate to the lesson which he had to teach. Dickens, it is true, adopted the same methods, but he was an incomparably greater craftsman, though even he succeeded in spite of his purpose, not because of it. 'Lothair' and 'Endymion' do, indeed, represent an attempt to describe the ordinary conditions of English political life, but they show it rather as their author liked to imagine it than as he really found it. The opening chapter of 'Endymion' is a masterpiece of its kind, but the rest of the book is sorry reading, and was there ever so priggish a statesman as Endymion Ferrars?

Even apart from the weakness of his characters, who are little more than personified opinions, Disraeli forfeits any claim to be considered a great political novelist on account of the complete unreality of the world in which they move. Indeed, it is difficult not to agree with the criticism that the only human beings, apart, perhaps, from the immortal Tadpole and Taper, in his works are Myra and Prince Florestan, of whom, at any rate, the latter was drawn from life; while the women, with this one exception, in all the books are frankly impossible. A strange fact, when one remembers that Disraeli understood their sex as well as any man in the history of the world.

If Disraeli has achieved a reputation as a writer of political fiction which he does not deserve, Trollope has certainly been under-rated. Indeed, a complete edition of his political works has yet to make its appearance, at any rate, on this side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, they are models of their kind, and the characters are excellently drawn. Only a master could have traced the development, for example, of "Planty Pal" from the egregious youth of 'The Small House at Allington,' through the stage of the wise husband in 'Can You Forgive Her?' to the

great statesman that he undoubtedly is in 'The Prime Minister.' No one who has had any experience of English political life has failed to meet at some time or another Ferdinand Lopez, Sir Roger Scatcherd and George Vavasor, while the intrigues that run through 'Phineas Finn' and 'Phineas Redux' might be paralleled by actual facts to-day. The female characters, too, are remarkably well delineated, and Lady Glencora Palliser is worth a dozen Disraelian Berengarias and Zenobias.

The fact is that Trollope was neither bent on converting the reader to any particular point of view, nor was he writing for effect. He described the political world as he saw it when he fought Beverley, just as he described the lay and clerical life of Barsestshire as it came before his eyes during his travels in a dozen English counties. The result is that we have a first-hand account of the working of the political machine during the middle decades of last century: that is to say, when the Parliamentary System was at its best; and as political life is less subject to changes than social, a good deal of what Trollope wrote is true to-day. In short, all that is required is an enterprising publisher, and his political works will attain as great, and as well-deserved, a fame as 'The Chronicles of Barsset.'

In more recent times, Mr. Stephen McKenna has introduced politics into his books, but the latter have rather been given a political background than been political novels pure and simple. One has, too, the feeling that the characters are more a chance collection of somewhat improbable individuals than the men and women who really take part in public life, though it must be admitted that certain aspects of politics are presented in a way that rings remarkably true. Quite lately, Mr. Crawshay-Williams, in 'The Donkey's Nose,' has portrayed the seamy side in a remarkably graphic manner, but no recent author has attempted to survey the whole field as Trollope did. Perhaps, however, the long novel that is coming into vogue may offer more scope in this direction.

There has also been no trace of any Continental influence up to the present. M. Léon Daudet, for instance, has used the novel as one of his most formidable weapons in the campaign against the Representative System, and the same is true of M. Jacques Bainville; so that it is not an exaggeration to say that no honest politician, at any rate on the Republican side, ever makes his appearance in their pages. Nevertheless, it is to the South of the Pyrenees that this tendency is the more fully developed, and the most damning indictment of Parliamentarism that has ever been penned is probably 'El Jefe Politico,' a novel by that gifted author and student of human nature who subscribes himself El Caballero Audaz. This use of fiction, as has been said, has never come into favour on this side of the Channel, though to some extent it was adopted in the eighteenth century, and Fielding was not above using the plot of 'Tom Jones' to have a sly dig at the Jacobites in the person of Squire Western; while Johnstone, albeit not so skilfully, did the same thing to Wilkes and his associates of the Hell Fire Club in 'Chrysal.'

The result of this brief survey would seem to show that the English political novel has no tradition and few exponents. Of the latter, Disraeli is the best-known, but Trollope is certainly the greatest. Yet it can hardly be that this particular field will be left barren much longer. Politics to-day are no longer the affair of one class, and they embrace many more interests even than they did in the age of Trollope and Disraeli. Scatcherd and Millbank were the exception then, but to-day they are the rule, and the modern political novelist would assuredly not lack material for his work. Let us hope that he will soon make his appearance.

AIRSHIP AND AEROPLANE

BY OLIVER STEWART

R100 and R 101, the two 5,000,000 cubic feet airships built at Howden and Cardington in accordance with the Government airship programme of 1924, were launched in December and October and have both completed their home trials. They have still to make experimental flights to Canada, Egypt and India, where mooring masts have been erected for them, but meanwhile their achievements may be examined and a tentative estimate made of their practical value as flying machines.

It was decided to start building airships again in this country at Government expense largely as a result of the glowing accounts of their potentialities given by Sir Dennistoun Burney. The two present vessels were intended to realize these potentialities. They were intended to show that airship travel was safe and economic and that it was faster than travel by any other vehicles except aeroplanes. Previously, largely owing to the disasters to the R 38 in 1921, the *Dixmude* in 1923 and the *Shenandoah* in 1926, large rigid airships had gained the reputation of being dangerous.

The new airships, according to the programme, were to be flying by the end of 1926 and to be operating on an air route to India by the beginning of 1927. But the designers, as unexpected difficulties presented themselves, wisely decided from time to time to postpone the completion of the airships rather than to attempt to keep to the original dates by hurrying the construction and so risking the subsequent appearance of defects. These delays, however, completely upset the original estimates of the cost of the airship programme. R 100 was to have cost £350,000 whereas she actually cost £440,000. R 101 was to have cost £460,000 whereas, when the new bay has been introduced, she will have cost, according to Mr. Montague's statements in the House of Commons, £638,500. The total amount spent on the airship programme since its adoption in 1924 is about £2,000,000.

The practical results of this expenditure are not yet apparent. Neither of the airships has done more than show that it can fly and can ride to the mooring mast in safety in all weathers. R 101, which was originally intended to carry 100 passengers, has been fitted to carry only 50. R 100, which it was originally intended to fit with heavy oil engines in order to eliminate fire risks, has been fitted with petrol engines. Minor defects have appeared in the covering attachments of the R 100 and the exhaust systems of the engines have been modified. R 101 can use only one-fifth of her power for forward flight owing to difficulties with the variable pitch airscrews which have necessitated one engine being devoted to astern power.

As feats of engineering the two airships are unimpeachable. They are not imitations of the German Zeppelins and they represent an entirely original approach to the problems of lighter-than-air craft construction. R 101 rode at the Cardington mast through a gale of twice the strength of that which tore R 33 and the *Shenandoah* from their masts, the wind speed at one moment registering 83 miles an hour at the mast head. From the conversations I have had with Major G. H. Scott and Wing Commander Colmore on the occasions I have been at Cardington watching the flying of the airships it seems clear that the vessels have closely approached the aims of their designers. But that is not to say that they have proved themselves efficient for civil air line operation. And in fact, while judgment must be reserved until several flights to Canada and India have been accomplished, it does not seem at present that the airships are likely to prove economic transport vehicles.

Many expensive accessories are indispensable to the airship. Each airship requires a shed costing £145,000 and the mooring masts, one of which must be at every port of call, cost £50,000 each, while the new mechanical handling device may cost another £50,000. The crew of an airship bears an uneconomic proportion to the number of passengers carried. In the R 101 the crew may be about 40 strong and the airship is fitted to carry only 50 passengers. Even if it carries the number of passengers originally intended, that is 100, the size of the crew is disproportionately large. The value in transport facilities which the airship can offer must be high if these expensive accessories and large size crews are to be justified.

If there were no such things as heavier-than-air craft it would no doubt be worth while for Great Britain to press forward with the development of airships at whatever cost. But aeroplanes and large flying boats have proved themselves fairly satisfactory in the operation of civil air lines. A flight of flying boats to carry the same number of people as the R 101 is at present fitted to carry would cost £72,000; a shed to house them would cost about £20,000 and would be needed only at the base. No mooring masts or handling devices on the scale of those required for airships would be needed. The crews would not exceed 12 people and might be fewer.

Engineering has advanced so far that, with a sufficiently lavish expenditure of time and money, almost any mechanical apparatus, however unpromising, may be made to work. It is certain that the large rigid airship may be made to do this, but it is less certain whether, when this has been accomplished, it will show a sufficient advantage over the aeroplane and the flying boat to justify the expenditure upon it of public money. The designers and constructors of the R 100 and the R 101 have done their work well. The forthcoming flights of the airships to Canada and India may, if they are repeated often enough to give trustworthy statistics, show that the large rigid airship can run a passenger air service to schedule in all weathers with a percentage efficiency nearly as high as that obtained with aeroplanes. But it seems almost impossible that they should show an economic efficiency even remotely approaching that obtained with aeroplanes.

If private enterprise is willing to continue with the development of the airship it should be given every assistance and encouragement, but at the moment public money is scarce and, in aeronautics it is urgently wanted to assist in the progress of the large sea-going flying boat. So far as it goes the evidence obtained with the two experimental airships R 100 and R 101 does not support the contention that a Government subsidy for further airship construction is justified.

DIETETICS IN 1930

THE most important recent advances in the art of medicine have been made in the department of dietetics. We still know singularly little about the direct influence of diet on disease; but of that little nearly all that is trustworthy has been learned within the last very few decades. The twaddle and unfounded dogmatism that have for generations done duty for dietetic science would feed the hungriest cynic for years. For the denunciations of excessive meat eating, of meals too frequent or not frequent enough, of drinking with or without eating, and so on through an almost infinite list of exhortations and warnings, there is not the least evidence that ought to carry weight with a common jury, much less with a jury of competent doctors.

By many people dietetics is apparently regarded as a branch of ethics. There is scarcely a single

element—animal, vegetable or mineral—which is not looked upon by some evangelist as the saving or damning power which will secure longevity and health, or invite mortality and disease. Yet who among us can impartially consider the health and habits of his friends and neighbours without being convinced of the utter insubstantiality of nearly all the doctrines that food faddists of every age have proclaimed, from those of the raw-beef school of English pugilism to those of the "Eat more Bran" schools of to-day? And, in this matter of dietary rules and principles, the doctors have been, and are, as unsound, as faddy, as unscientific and as unsafe as the crankiest and most credulous of the laity. The eighteenth-century "no water in fever" regimen, and the conventional "invalid" dietaries still prescribed, equally illustrate the shoddiness of professional dogmatism.

Fortunately most sensible people have, in practice, relied on their own eyes and their own gumption; and, although they have made mistakes, have all along retained some reasonable sense of proportion. Recently, the slimming craze, and certain physical ills that have accompanied its pursuit, have induced an interest in dietary matters in thousands of people hitherto indifferent. This awakening of lay interest in what to eat and what to avoid is all to the good, so long as we do not attribute to dietary practices and abstentions results actually consequent on attendant circumstances.

It is doubtful if, to-day, many people suffer directly from over-eating. Tens of thousands of us allow our bodies to rust and degenerate through inadequate exercise; and no doubt the damage would be lessened if the committers of this hygienic solecism tempered their muscular passivity with alimentary asceticism. It is of the dangers of certain dietary deficiencies or omissions that genuine science has recently taught us to beware. The latest discovery in this department—that of the therapeutic value of liver extracts in pernicious anæmia—hardly belongs to normal dietetics. Rather should it be classed with the making good of the pathological shortages characteristic of diabetes and myxoedema by the administration of insulin and extract of thyroid gland.

The recognition of the vitamins—or, rather, of the important part they play in our life and health—is one of the really great discoveries of science, comparable with that of the pathological significance of microbes by Pasteur, and with the discovery of the ultra-visible rays of light. It has helped to put our crude notions of weights and measures in their place, and has reminded us that the pound avoirdupois is no more the standard of value in food and corporeal health than it is in art or ethics.

We are only at the beginning of knowledge so far as these potent infinitesimals are concerned. The chemical identity of none of them has yet been formulated, though the composition of the anti-rachitic vitamin D is apparently near definition. The progressive differentiation of vitamin functions has, up to now, taken the form of numerical (or should we say alphabetical?) increase in their nomenclature. Before 1920 we were apprised but of three vitamins, A, B, and C, thought to be severally concerned with growth promoting and bone forming, with healthy nerve metabolism, and with anti-scorbutic immunization. During the last ten years, through a realization of the complex functions of those hitherto defined, three more have been added to the list.

The most important recent work in connexion with the vitamins is that of Green, Mellanby and others, who have investigated the striking anti-infective properties of vitamin A. This substance, which is present in most green vegetables, and is a notable ingredient of nearly all animal fats,

especially of cod-liver oil and the oils of other livers, is, in laboratory animals (and almost certainly in ourselves, also), so hygienically important that a dietary, otherwise adequate, which is deficient in it, results not only in a stoppage of growth but in an almost inevitable development of gross infections, such as pneumonia and acute gastro-enteritis. Even a partial lack of food-stuffs containing this vitamin, such as is very common among the children of the poor both in country and town, causes a greatly increased infectibility and a greater liability to severe complications following on such infection. This marked susceptibility to disease seems to be brought about through a degenerative keratinization of the epithelial lining-cells of the bronchial, intestinal, urinary and other passages, affording an unopposed entrance to bacterial invasion. One cannot help seeing in this fact a possible relevance to epithelial malignancy, which is at least worth following up.

So far, then, as present knowledge goes, what rules and principles should guide a sensible person in his eating? So long as we are leading physically active outdoor lives, few of us need bother our heads about limitations or avoidances. If, on the other hand, our lives are, perforce or by evil choice, sedentary, we must pay the price not only in indifferent health, but also in a reduced diet and the avoidance of gustatory self-indulgence; for bad habits are soon formed, and quickly corrupt the best digestion. The rest of us will be wise to thank Providence for the multiplicity and variety of wholesome, nourishing and delightful foods to which we can so easily attune our digestions and our palates. So long as we include in our daily menu a moderate amount of fruits, salads and dairy products, we can safely follow the dictates of appetite and opportunity. Puritanism of the table can be overdone. No dietary self-abnegation will atone for the unforgivable hygienic sin—that of physical, emotional and intellectual inertia.

QUAERO

A NEGLECTED SONG WRITER

[FROM A MUSICAL CORRESPONDENT]

JUNE is the month which, in 1815, saw at Handel's original home of Halle the birth of Robert Franz, the song writer, and we may wish him many happy returns with all our hearts, for he is a creator of beautiful work most undeservedly neglected, and it is high time that he returned to take his rightful place in music. One may search gramophone record catalogues and concert programmes in vain for Franz's songs; our Lieder singers give us Schubert, Brahms or Wolf recitals, but never a recital of Robert Franz, and whenever a single song of his is included, the programme note invariably comments on his high position in the German Lied, and on the strange way in which he is ignored. None the less, we all continue to ignore him. A Franz evening from Elena Gerhardt or Lotte Lehmann would be an "ear-opening" for lovers of the art of singing. Two hundred and fifty-seven sympathetic settings of the best German lyrics of all types is no mean contribution to song literature, and in Franz's work we have folk poems, Luther's sturdy hymns, Heine's love lyrics and the poems of Moricke set always with charm, utter simplicity and a national colouring which makes us feel after studying even one volume that we are a step nearer knowing and loving Franz's Fatherland. No one with imagination could sing or hear that little masterpiece 'Im Rhein im heiligen strome,' without longing for the rolling swell of that glorious river. In its small way the song is the complement of

Wagner's 'Rheingold' prelude, the Rhine seen from above, as the prelude is the Rhine seen from its depths below. Even Schumann, in his setting of the same poem in the *Dichterliebe*, with much less simplicity has not given so direct an interpretation of the words, for his accompaniment, with its dotted rhythm, has an architectural effect which completely removes any sense of the river; it is Koln Cathedral as it stands on the bank, not Koln Cathedral mirrored in the waters of the Rhine.

Moreover, Franz has a gift which all song writers would do well to acquire; he can set a lyric exactly as the poet made it, keeping the same rhythm and never repeating a word or phrase for the sake of a musical effect. Of how few musicians can this be said; yet what a delight it is to a singer to be allowed to swing a song along just as he would swing the poem. So in 'Aus meinem grossen schmerzen' the unhappy lover pours out his disappointment as naturally as if he were speaking, with the pitiful phrase of hopelessness as his voice rises to "They weep, and will not say what they have found," when the little songs return silent to the man who made them. 'Die letzte rose' flows like the dearest little German folk song, three simple verses following the poetry, with one change at the end for the personal touch, "Wir sind so jung noch und welken schon." So, too, in 'Vergessen,' the music exactly follows the words, but there is a change just where the drama demands it. First we tremble at the memory of that hideous dream which flaps like Wotan's ravens round our heads, there is a light tremolo in the accompaniment, and a sinister figure leaping down in the bass; we tell our dream in an awestruck whisper, still pursued by that grim bass figure; finally, we openly confess our dread, the horror of being forgotten by all whom we love in the whole world; the notes lengthen, the voice climbs upward slowly in desperation like a bird beating on the bars of a cage—"that is the worst pain that can befall a human heart." Osterwald has written a terrible little poem, and Franz has made of it a very terrible song.

At the same time, Franz is a composer whose work can be well sung and well played by intelligent amateurs. Hundreds of song lovers who would quail before many an accompaniment of Wolf or Brahms, could spend hours of happiness at the piano with Franz. His songs are small, a page or two, perhaps, often simple enough to form (in a reasonable translation) part of the repertoire of a school choir, but always really musical and sincere, worth so much more than the facile music often sung in English drawing-rooms. When Franz was growing deaf and weak and could no longer work, Liszt, who never wasted sympathy on second-rate musicians, saw fit to organize concerts for his benefit, and helped him to the last. Whatever we may think of Liszt's own compositions, his judgment of others was unerring, and if he considered Franz worthy of support we may surely follow him. Franz's place is not on the shelves of second-hand music shops, but on the piano of every musical home and in the programmes of our greatest Lieder singers.

THE WATCHERS OF CRICKET

BY LEIGH D. BROWNLEE

OF the thousands who will gather at the Test Matches this summer (given weather that permits of "gathering"!) it is fair to assume that a not inconsiderable percentage will be possessed of only the most rudimentary knowledge of cricket.

A strange state of affairs—that our national game (and cricket is still that) should be watched, even

enjoyed, by anyone who did not appreciate fully what he or she was watching—but a state of affairs which has persisted and will always persist while the game lives.

The chance to play cricket in youth is not given to all; again, for some it has no appeal—is even distasteful. Where boys grow to man's estate and know not the joys of cricket, it may safely be asserted that the womenfolk in their families remain equally ignorant. But while man in later life will acquire a working knowledge of the game he disliked in his 'teens, a woman, without cricket-loving menfolk or an education that included its practice, almost always continues blissfully unaware of what she has missed.

Let us come honestly into the open. There will be present this year at Nottingham, Lords, Manchester, Leeds and the Oval not a few women who may be described as the "deadheads" of cricket audiences. To those of us who do not take our cricket too seriously, this type of watcher can be a very charming, entertaining companion. More years ago than I care to recall I sat beside one; and the quality of her queries and the monumental patience of her cavalier abide with me to this day.

First the arrival of the umpires intrigued her greatly. Were they friends, since they dressed alike and walked and talked together? Not necessarily? Didn't they feel lonely out there by themselves? What did they do? Were they professionals or amateurs? Could they sit down if they were tired?

Began then a brief exposition of the duties of an umpire. When told that these men in white were "the sole judges of fair or unfair play," the lady expressed surprise, having always understood that cricket was synonymous with upright dealing. Surely no cricketer would descend to cheating? And what happened if you cheated? Did the umpires lead the cheat from the field? Was that the reason for the presence of so many police? . . .

It is not my purpose to recall (even if memory served) the many and amazing questions put by that charming lady on that sunny afternoon of years ago. But I should like to put on record that never was she silent for more than two consecutive minutes; that she asked every question about cricket that conceivably could be asked, and that she seemed to forget the answer almost as soon as it was given; and that her cavalier was noticeably an older and much hoarser man ere the shadows began to creep across the ground.

Of course, I have quoted the extreme type of ignoramus; at the other end of the scale we have the expert, than whom there is none more terrible.

On the mind of the expert the rules of cricket (some thousands of words strung together in a singular fashion) are stamped indelibly. At the slightest provocation he will tell you that "the ball shall not weigh less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three-quarters, and that it shall measure not less than eight and thirteen-sixteenth inches, nor more than nine inches in circumference." What pleasure the possession of such knowledge affords him is beyond human understanding. He knows the width of a cricket bat to the smallest fraction of an inch; the height of the stumps; the size of the bails, their origin and significance. He knows the batting and bowling averages of every first-class cricketer and the result of every Test Match ever played. He can show you, in theory, how to bowl a googly or an in-swing; almost, I believe, he could describe the ball that swung both ways and burst on pitching. But ask him to take a bat and clump a perfectly good half-volley over the rails; then will you see the stuff of which his expert knowledge is made.

There will, of course, be many other types of watchers. The average man (and woman), with the average knowledge of the game—quiet, interested and

critical—these will show up in their thousands. A sprinkling of schoolboys, eager, but deadly keen, seeing, perhaps, for the first time great men in action. First-class cricketers who have met members of each side on lesser fields; members of the minor counties; league cricketers; club cricketers and disciples from the humblest village green. And lastly, the Old Brigade, the men who fought England's cricket battles in the past, the compeers of Darling, Jones, Trumble, Clem Hill, Trumper, Macartney, Noble and a host of others. They will watch, criticize, compare, living in their memories, recalling, perhaps, how they did their part to make cricket the finest and cleanest game in the world.

DOWN WITH DOG SHOWS!

BY JAMES DISHER

IN few cases did our grandparents either know or care whether their dogs were show specimens; all that mattered to them was that a dog should be a good companion or a good worker or both: dog breeding had yet to be commercialized. Then came dog shows and the alleged improvement of existing breeds.

The cycle is quite constant: a breed is discovered and exhibited, "points" are fixed for it, these points are accentuated and exaggerated until they are freakish, inbreeding being largely resorted to because of the prepotency which it induces. It does not matter to "the fancy" whether a dog is an imbecile: if he is a good show specimen they will breed from him and inbreed to him again and again. Finally they achieve their object: decadent and freakish animals are produced, absolute uniformity usually being coincident with complete imbecility. The public suddenly notice that the breed in question has deteriorated, someone finds a working breed as yet unspoilt, hardy and intelligent, and exhibits specimens; from that moment the new breed deteriorates in its turn.

The Springer, either English or Welsh, is not mentioned in Lee's 'Modern Dogs,' published in 1893: in those days the Field Spaniel was a popular gundog. Now the Field Spaniel is almost extinct: he was bred so short in the leg that he could hardly walk; the Springer, the unclassified working spaniel of the 'nineties, has taken his place. Thanks to the Kennel Club ruling, under which no gundog can become a champion without a working certificate, the Springer may survive for a considerable time, but no rules can neutralize the evil influence of dog shows.

Some years ago a pointer was commonly exhibited: he held numerous challenge certificates but could not become a champion because he was untrainable. Now his untrainable offspring are winning in shows, and the blood of this decadent and useless but prepotent strain is being disseminated so that it threatens in time to destroy the working qualities of the breed. To use such a dog for stud purposes is almost criminal, for faults of disposition are about the only qualities which consistently and persistently recur despite the most determined efforts to breed them out.

Dog shows are rapidly ruining all our old and well-loved breeds: terriers with less than half the brain of their ancestors, bulldogs incapable of whelping naturally and almost incapable of breathing, retrievers which are afraid of water, soft and useless spaniels, Bedlington which look like some curious kind of lamb—all these we have already: where and when will it stop?

The old English white terrier is extinct, the Manchester terrier, the Gordon setter, the King Charles

and Blenheim spaniels and many other old breeds are near to sharing the same fate—still dog shows go on and "the fancy" mate dogs to their dams, one being deaf and the other blind, so that the resultant degenerate may be prepotent and so that some artificial and useless "point" may be fixed and transmitted unto the third and fourth generation: transmitted together with every quality which one would wish to avoid in an animal from which we expect intelligent companionship and a quality of sympathy of which few humans are capable.

THE ART OF GOOD DRESSING

BY LOUISE CARROL

THERE is some outcry just now in the daily Press about the new fashions for women, the natural waist line and the more flowing lines. Those who raise the outcry are Canute's advisers. Let us examine our dress conscience before we listen to them.

A famous French caricaturist (Sem, was it?) has immortalized for me the whole æsthetics of feminine dress.

He drew pictures of the women of the year in their fashionable get up.

Under the drawings of the delightful women he wrote the words "true *chic*," but under those of the displeasing women he wrote "false *chic*."

The difference between the two was only of degree. False *chic* consisted in clothes that were inappropriate to the figure, covered with superfluous ornament, or blurred in outline.

Public opinion about women's garments is so much improved in this country that inappropriateness and the kindred mistakes are far more rare than they were.

In fashion papers of late years you will see sometimes two illustrations only slightly different the one from the other, teaching us the mistakes that can be made or avoided in the wearing of the same costume by different women.

But there was more than that in the caricaturist. There was in the sketch of the well-dressed woman something individual and original. Say a buckle at the throat of her high-necked gown, a lily on her severe black evening dress, and in one picture a leashed hound whose coat seemed inspired by the weave of his mistress's trim tweeds—unless it were vice versa.

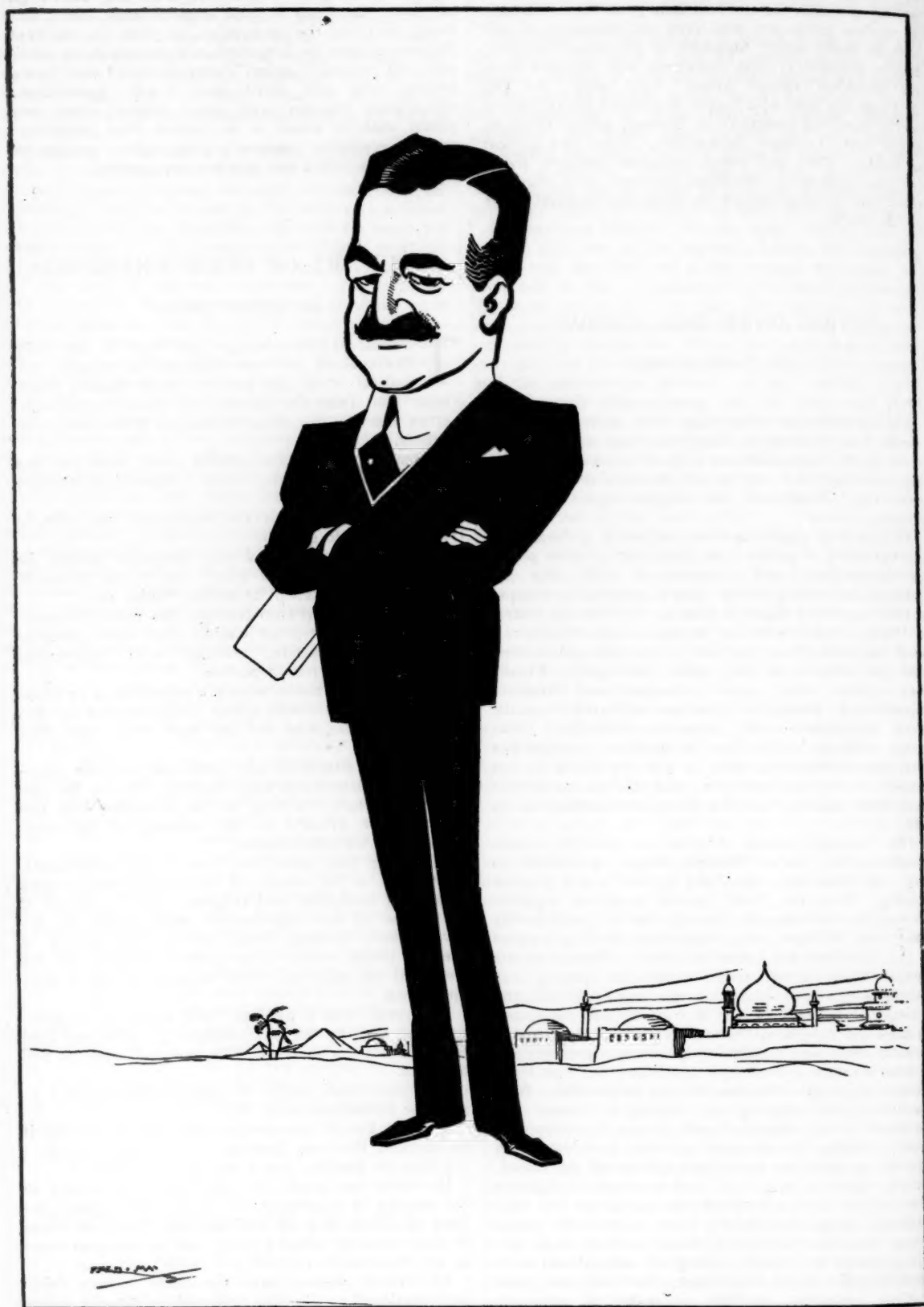
The result was a pleasant little shock of surprise. She had done it, but not overdone it. She had kept the rules but not servilely. She had had initiative and boldness.

The one small touch of individuality seemed to sign the finished work of art.

A great French dressmaker was asked recently if he disliked the new fashion. He replied superbly: "I bow to fashion, but I am not her slave."

He knew too much, he who had been trained in the country of academies, to try to rebel against the laws of dress, but he had in him that true sense of their meaning which enabled him to interpret them as he required.

All French women have the dress instinct fairly well developed. Go into a French restaurant where real French people resort, work girls and work women, and then into the parallel eating-house in England, and you will go out feeling that although fashion is far more correctly carried out than of yore, yet that not only the food but the women's clothes still remain more interesting in one country than in the other.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, P.C., G.C.B., M.P.

THE THEATRE

'HAMLET'

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Hamlet. By William Shakespeare. Queen's Theatre.*Hamlet.* By Wilhelm v. Schlegel. Globe Theatre.*Petticoat Influence.* By Neil Grant. St. Martin's Theatre.

'HAMLET' is a very long play—'Macbeth,' for instance, is only two-thirds the length of 'Hamlet'; and one of the first things a producer of it has to do in these days is to decide what scenes to omit. Now, this is not by any means an easy task, the trouble being that some of the less essential passages are those which are most popular and famous: the comic grave-diggers and the precepts of Polonius, to mention only two. I shall mention others later.

Tradition, however, points to Fortinbras as the chief victim of her pruning-knife, and, personally, I entirely agree with Tradition. But the cut must be made drastically or not at all. Shakespeare, for some reason, did not end his play with Hamlet's death, but followed up that obvious finale with another, in which the Prince of Norway becomes the central figure; but he also took the trouble to compose some sixty lines of rather dull, but fairly lucid explanation as to the diplomatic situation between Norway and Denmark, by way of preparation for this final "curtain." And the German version at the Globe, though it omitted several of the more familiar scenes, contained these introductory passages. Mr. Harcourt Williams, on the other hand, in adapting the Old Vic's uncut version to suit West End dinner-time-tables, has retained the ending, but discarded the preparation; and the result of this unfortunate compromise is (inevitably) an anti-climax, the audience being utterly bewildered by, and therefore uninterested in, this inexplicable intruder called Fortinbras, who claims to have some mysterious "rights of memory in this kingdom," which, apparently, entitle him not only to the now vacant throne of Denmark, but also to the centre of the corpse-strewn stage.

There was one other cut which I regard as even less excusable, and that is the King's prayer-scene. For one thing, Mr. Donald Wolfitt is so excellent a Claudius that he ought not to be robbed of a single line; still less of so important a soliloquy—and how magnificent in this scene was the German Claudius, Herr Danegger! But even a second-rate Claudius would not justify this cut, which involves the omission of one of Hamlet's most significant soliloquies. Hamlet without his runaway "Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent" is a Prince of Denmark without Shakespeare's Hamlet. And that, to put it quite frankly, is just what this Gielgud-Harcourt Williams Hamlet is. It has many excellences; it is vivid, dramatic, unpretentious. And Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet is four-fifths Shakespeare's Hamlet. It is youthful in those passages where the Prince of Denmark is still the nineteen-years-old "boy" of the First Quarto—the stumbling-block of all maturer Hamlets; but it is a great deal more than merely youthful. It has all the Shakespearean Hamlet's bitterness in disillusion, all his amazement and disgust and indignation at the general rottenness of humanity. It is not that commentators' fiction, a "philosophical" Hamlet, but a highly emotional, impulsive young prince, whose reflections are as loud-tongued as the text very clearly indicates they should be. Where Moissi's Hamlet merely croons a sentimental wonder at his mother's frailty, Mr. Gielgud very rightly rants. Hamlet is always ranting; his soliloquies are peppered with exclamation marks; and the only complaint I have to

make of Mr. Gielgud's ranting is that occasionally he rants at the wrong moment. The right moments are those in which mere sound can adequately convey the sense; the wrong are those where his own muddy-mettled frailty is the subject of a subtler indignation. This is the side of Shakespeare's Hamlet that is missing from Mr. Gielgud's—the self-accusing, pigeon-livered John-a-dreams. The rest is altogether excellent.

Herr Moissi's Hamlet I found utterly incomprehensible. I have spoken of his crooning; but there were moments when "bleating" would more accurately describe the sounds that came from that gentle, ever inanely-smiling mask. And then, suddenly, for no apparent reason, he would shout—a high-pitched, almost a falsetto shout. It may be there was method in this strange interpretation; personally I saw nothing but a meaningless theatricalism.

The ghost-scenes were done brilliantly in the German production. True, the Ghost was not that fair and warlike form, armed cap-à-pie, which the text describes; but it was unquestionably a ghost, inhuman, spectral, ectoplasmic, and Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo seemed most genuinely terrified. The Old Vic ghost was orthodox—and much more audible—but of rather too solid flesh to be convincing. And here let me suggest a cut which might be made, not merely without damage to the drama, but with actual advantage. I refer to the opening scene in which the Ghost appears to the three watchers on the platform. For, apart from the fact that its events are all narrated subsequently by Horatio, I fancy we should better understand the character of Hamlet if, when we saw him for the first time, we were (like himself) unaware of anything more soul-disturbing than his mother's frailty, and then shared in his amazement at Horatio's "My lord, I think I saw him yesternight." "Saw? Who?" "My lord, the King, your father."

I would also venture to suggest a drastic pruning of Ophelia's mad-scenes. One is never sufficiently interested in Ophelia to be greatly moved by this interpolated exhibition of her madness; her importance in the play is a purely indirect one; and though both Miss Adèle Dixon and Fraulein Hoessrich did their best for the scene, I found it, as usual, less pathetic than embarrassing. Polonius's precepts, too, are rather too familiar to be any longer very entertaining; and instead of trying (as Mr. Brember Wills did) to give them a new freshness by substituting an unwarrantable casualness for the orthodox pomposity, it might be no bad thing to cut them altogether and, instead, to include the first scene of Act Two, wherein Polonius sends Reynaldo to spy on his son in Paris. Apart from his precepts, Mr. Wills was a delightful chamberlain; and I cannot imagine a better Laertes than that of Mr. Francis James, whose brotherly advice to Ophelia had just that mixture of sincerity and bump-tiousness which provokes his sister's *tu quoque* repartee.

I find I have left myself no space to do more than very strongly recommend the new St. Martin's Theatre comedy. 'Petticoat Influence' is just the thing for a summer evening's entertainment. It is sufficiently sophisticated to be fit for the young, and yet sufficiently innocuous to be fit for the more elderly. It neither insults nor strains the intelligence. As a work of dramatic art, its flaws are fairly obvious. The first act, for example, is a careful preparation for a scene which never takes place, which is a pity, since it promised to be a most amusing scene; and a certain amount of contrivance is required to bring about the situation which Mr. Neil Grant gives us in its place. But the dialogue is excellent, its characterization clear and varied, and its plot—though, perhaps, not quite as coherent as it might be—nevertheless enables Sir Nigel Playfair, Mr. Morton Selton and Miss Diana Wynyard to be continuously delightful and amusing.

THE FILMS

HOW TO DO IT AND HOW NOT TO DO IT

BY MARK FORREST

All Quiet on the Western Front. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The Alhambra and The Regal.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The Marble Arch Pavilion.

IT is very rare for even a few of the extravagant advertisements presaging a new film to fulfil their promises, and consequently when I read that 'All Quiet on the Western Front' was the first real film story of the war, my lip curled and I was prepared to find the film more or less like half a dozen others which have already been shown to the public. I was entirely wrong; perhaps not entirely, because it is not true that it is the first real film story of the war, but it is the one which I place first.

The book has not only been followed very faithfully—those parts which are omitted are not missed—but it has been amplified in a manner which reflects the greatest credit upon Mr. Carl Laemmle, Junior, who produced it, and Mr. Lewis Milestone, who directed it. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that if would-be film directors and some of those people who think they are already directors will take the trouble to read Herr Remarque's book and will then take a busman's holiday, they will discover something very much to their advantage. Mr. Whale, the director of 'Journey's End,' merely photographed the play; the play was a very fine one and Mr. Whale did not fritter that fineness away; all the same he did not add to it. Mr. Milestone, on the other hand, has not only photographed the book, but he has supplemented it; in some cases, indeed, he has drawn it out a little too much and the shell hole encounter where Paul kills the Frenchman is ineffective. The trench scenes are magnificently produced and the cataclysm of the war is shown for the first time in all its horrible might.

I am not at pains to make any comparison between Mr. Sherriff's play and Herr Remarque's book—they have in spirit several things in common—but the film treatment of them both is the measure of difference between British and American films at their best. We are creeping forward, but we have not caught up. Herr Remarque's story has apparently been read by fifteen million people, so there is no need for me to summarize it here. The picture, if no exception be taken to the slight American accents of some of the players, is splendidly acted by Louis Wolheim as Katzinsky, Lewis Ayres as Paul Baumer, John Wray as Himmaltross, Russell Gleason as Muller and Beryl Mercer as Paul's mother; to mention only a few in a long cast.

Mr. Herbert Brenon's direction of Mr. Zweig's 'The Case of Sergeant Grischa' is, however, quite another matter. He has failed to capture the spirit of his book by as much as Mr. Milestone has succeeded. The picture does not convey to the audience either the true characters of the principals or the slow inevitableness of Grischa's fate. Chester Morris, who plays Sergeant Grischa, does not seem to me to be within a continent of the ill-fated man; while Betty Compson may represent some sort of a woman, but what sort I do not know—at any rate, certainly not the Babka of the book. The most effective scene is the one which depicts the argument between Von Lychow and Schieffenzahn, and the latter, played by Gustav von Seyffertitz, lifts the film into reality for a brief space; but the direction of the whole has been taken at such a furious pace throughout that even their argument appears to be breathless.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—224

SET BY HORACE WYNDHAM

A. The members of the Harrow School O.T.C. are understood to have expressed the opinion that "two parades a week are one too many." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best illustration, in 150 words or less, of how this happening should be dealt with by (1) Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies; (2) the Chairman of the Betting-Board Control; and (3) Major-General Martinet, C.B. (retired), Sabretache Club.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best composition, in not more than 200 words, of a suitable Address of Congratulation to Miss Amy Johnson from (1) the drawer of a blank in the Calcutta Sweep; and (2) the Honorary Secretary of the Safety First League.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 224A or LITERARY 224B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, June 23. The results will be announced in the issue of June 28.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 222

SET BY H. F. SMALMAN-SMITH

A. Archbishop Laud is at Lambeth Palace anticipating arrest. His thoughts dwell upon the fate in store for himself and Stratford. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of One Guinea for an appropriate rhymed soliloquy by the Archbishop, not to exceed twenty-five lines.

B. No feature of London is more frequently abused than its statues. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best essay (not to exceed 250 words) in defence of London statues in general, in relation either to artistic merit or any function satisfied, or both. Irony is permitted to non-admirers, but the appearance of defence must be sustained.

REPORT FROM MR. SMALMAN-SMITH

222A. This competition was well supported. It is curious to note the almost general assumption by competitors that the statesman-primate took so prophetically desperate a view of his chances. The date of the supposed soliloquy would be after the assembling of the Long Parliament in November, 1640, and some time prior to Strafford's execution in May, 1641. Laud's abortive trial took place in 1643; the Bill of Attainder which secured his execution was passed only in January 1645. The Archbishop's reference to the fiftieth chapter of Isaiah as comforting was certainly not indicative of despair. The "background" supplied by Lambeth Palace was neglected by most competitors; Cranmer and the Lollard martyrs might have proved helpful

accessories. The composition of an adequately impressive final couplet proved to be a frequent source of trouble.

J. M. Oldfield scored well for fourteen lines, tacking on a lame couplet which did not justify sacrificing a nine-line margin of space. Celtice's promising effort contained twenty-six lines, with the customary unhappy sequel. On grounds of general excellence I recommend Norah Butterfield's easily flowing lines for the first prize. Athos deserves to have the claims of his dramatic twenty-four lines (marred only by the irritating repetition of the word "So") rejected for the interpolation of an intrusive "voice" into the last line, inspiring the critical mind with doubt and foreboding. However, merit intercedes, and I recommend his (very slightly) piebald soliloquy for the second prize.

FIRST PRIZE

How still the river in this hour of calm !
The sky is clear, the western air, like balm,
Enters my chamber window. Ah, those words
I read this night sing in my brain like birds
Hid in some leafy thicket.—"For the Lord
My God shall help me." Shall I fear the sword
While His Almighty power protects my head?
My neighbours here have prayed, to-night they said,
For my poor safety.—Mine? . . . 'Tis Strafford's fate
Hangs, also, in the balance. He, of late,
Desired his name—if he wrought England ill—
Might shine, a beacon set upon a hill,
For men to gaze at . . . Strafford lies in gaol.
And I? . . . O Lord, are they of no avail,
The supplications that we make to Thee
For clemency? This night on reverent knee
Have I implored Thy mercy and Thy grace,
And that I should be worthy. Turn Thy face
Towards Thy servant, Lord! . . . 'Twill soon be dark,
A few more hours, and then again the lark
At heaven's window sings his matin song.
A few more hours!—How long, O Lord, how long?

NORAH M. BUTTERFIELD

SECOND PRIZE

. . . Fresh from the chapel altar, having confessed
My sins, and for a Sign most humbly prayed
(As Ahaz would not, even at God's behest)
Among the sacred leaves I thrust this blade,
Seeking God's answer.

So; I read this line:

He came unto the tower. So, I shall tread
The way that Strafford trod, true friend of mine
And of his master, ere the master fled.

Again the pious *sortes*.

Here I read:

Now shall my head be lifted up.—They raise
The severed head, and bid the crowd take heed.
Thus mine, and his, must meet the common gaze.
Thy will be done, O Lord! I fear not death,
So thou give strength to both to play the man.

Let me once more see what the scripture saith:
Put not your trust in princes, here I scan,
In quibus non est salus.—So it runs.
The stern old Psalmist! Who should better know
Than he, himself a king; a king who once
Foully betrayed his loyal servant?—So;
My prayer is answered; and my earthly fate,
Fixed and immutable, is now foreknown.
What matters now how long the time to wait;
What days, or weeks, or months? I am alone—
Knocking without. A voice:
My Lord!

Come. I am ready, gentlemen!

ATHOS

222B. The champions of the London statues mobilized in imposing force and the sum of their contributions would make up a very creditable brief. Ironical commendation was notable by its absence. The dictum of one competitor that the function of London statues is to "indicate to future generations the actual appearance of the models" suggests doubts; a survey of Hyde Park, for instance, might in such a connexion yield a mistaken impression. Many competitors concerned themselves mainly with the merits of favoured statues to the neglect of any defence of these monuments in general. A decided tendency to demolish any case *against*, in preference to establishing a case *for* the maligned statues disclosed itself. A few writers appear to have thought that a defence of statuary *per se* was involved.

As an admirably neat and comprehensive defence I select Bébé's effort for the first prize. Pibwob, James Hall and Henry's Wife made the task of a further selection very difficult without resort to the arbitrament of the gyrating coin. I recommend Henry's Wife (name and address, please!) as second prize winner in view of a personal conviction that the defence offered comes nearest to the facts of the case.

FIRST PRIZE

London without its statues would not be London. They are part of its psychology. Art critics, and others, may desire their consignment to the scrap-heap, or the museum, but they neither understand the psychology of London, of statues, or the public mind.

Londoners may show little appreciation or understanding of these time-honoured possessions, but visitors from all parts of the British Isles and Overseas would lose all sense of direction if these landmarks were removed. They are the guides of their London itinerary.

The art critics may have truth on their side when they describe some of these ancient—and modern—sculpturings as hideous. Yet the ugly statues must surely be the reflection of an ugly age, which is part of all the ages, and stands recorded for all time as a warning to posterity! In an age of beauty, all statues will conform to rules of beauty—but that time is not yet!

From an educational point of view they are of priceless value, seeing that they exhibit, in unchanging guise, the history of the country. Its wars, its peace, its government, its pioneers, its arts and crafts; these may all be found in representative London statues, for the seeking.

At the most critical period of English history, when the consolidation of the vast British Empire has become of paramount importance, it behoves Londoners to hold in sacred trust for posterity these members of past and present greatness, and fight against any campaign for the demolition of the statues of London.

BÉBÉ

SECOND PRIZE

London's statues succeed because there are so many other things besides statues. They are landmarks, familiar faces, Banks of England, omnibus halts and romantic rendezvous. They are something one has known vaguely but positively from childhood, like the blue china dog on the mantelpiece, which one feels is there and which one would be shocked to find absent.

Like old people, statues live for ever, so there is no need to study Queen Victoria to-day because she will be there, just the same, to-morrow and all the to-morrows we shall ever know. Nevertheless, if all London's statues departed *en bloc* to spend a week-end in the country, one would miss them in the same way one misses, with a sense of grievance, a tooth which has just been pulled out. They are part and parcel of us and have taken root.

I do not believe we are meant to admire and love

statues as individuals, but collectively, and loved collectively they are satisfying.

The man in the street (unless he is an American woman in the street) should not try to understand these works of art, nor pick them cruelly to pieces, nor seek to discover the artist's secret, for the very good reasons that the artist may not have a secret, and it is better to take things for granted and believe in them than find fault.

Most Londoners, however, accept their statues as the men and women they depict would have wished—silently, without gesticulation but with pride.

HENRY'S WIFE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

SHOULD MR. BALDWIN RESIGN?

SIR,—In a very able article in last week's SATURDAY you advance various reasons against the continuance of Mr. Baldwin in the leadership of the Conservative Party. We are, as you remind us, a democratic party in some of our habits, and carry frankness to the verge of mutiny. Even Lord Beaconsfield, whom we now revere, was misunderstood and exposed to criticisms based mainly on ignorance. It is not surprising, therefore, that his disciple, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, should be exposed to similar censure. Those, however, whose principal concern is the victory of Lord Beaconsfield's twin principles—the maintenance of the fabric of the State and the improvement of the condition of the people—have a bone or two to pick with those who seek to dethrone our leader.

We resent this sapping and mining, and challenge the malcontents to say plainly who, in their opinion, is better fitted to lead. Mr. Winston Churchill is a brilliant partisan and, on occasion, an able lieutenant, but does he inspire confidence? Can those who have watched his brilliant youth and his erratic manhood feel sure that he has either the stability of character, or the capacity of adapting means to ends, essential to a Prime Minister in a period of crisis? The Brothers Chamberlain, brilliant sons of a heroic father, are able lieutenants and great servants of the State, but does either of them make that appeal to the imagination of the people required by a Prime Minister? Among our younger politicians there may well be a whole brigade of future Pitts and budding Disraelis, but their moment has not yet come, and the people would not follow them as they will follow Mr. Baldwin. What we want is a man whom we ourselves can trust and whom the people will follow.

Such a leader we already have, for Mr. Baldwin understands the people as none of his possible successors do. His general insight into the mentality of the working classes is drawn from particular knowledge of his own employés. He knows very well that in the matter of taxes on food the British working classes will insist on the last word. He faces that fact. As a shrewd tactician he will not expose the electorate to the guileful rhetoric of Mr. Lloyd George. He knows that such a stupendous blunder would be fatal to the prospects of Empire Free Trade. He realizes that the defeat of the Conservative Party in a General Election on the question of taxes on food would be a foregone conclusion. Like a prudent leader he refuses to fight on ground where every advantage would be on the side of his opponent.

Some Conservatives object to the Referendum. They say it is unconstitutional. Why? The British Constitution is like a river flowing ever onwards through fresh fields of political experience and overcoming or circumventing, in the manner of a river, new political obstacles as they arise. Our immediate need is to draw the Empire closer together in a fiscal unity. The outstanding obstacle is the natural nervousness of people living on a weekly wage when asked to vote for a measure which may be represented as likely to make food dearer. The only way to overcome their natural and instinctive hesitation is to give them time to consider the question from every point of view and hear all the arguments for and against, so that they may realize that the danger is very likely imaginary while the benefits of increased employment and higher wages are tangible and real. The Referendum recognizes that the State has now become completely democratic and that the term "governing classes" must be extended to include working men and women. So much for theory. The practical reason for the Referendum is that there is no other way by which Empire Free Trade can become a reality or the Conservative Party escape defeat.

I am, etc.,

Emsworth, Hants

C. POYNTZ-SANDERSON

SIR,—Not many people—certainly not he himself—would claim that Mr. Baldwin is a great statesman; he was not the ablest member of his Cabinet and he did not drive his team with the tight rein it needed. As leader of the Opposition he is not inspiring, for, as he himself has said, he dislikes making polemical speeches, and he sometimes seems so unnecessarily anxious to be fair to his opponents that he states their case better than he states his own. Unfortunately, too, Mr. Baldwin does not seem to be interested in politics.

Admitting these shortcomings, it is my firm conviction that the retirement of Mr. Baldwin would be a disaster. I have never been an idolater of this leader; I regretted his preferment over Lord Curzon, and after his undistinguished administration of 1923 had escaped senile decay by committing suicide, I was in favour of seeking a new leader. But the first reason why the change is undesirable is that voters like familiar figures. The Conservative Party has been engaged for seven years in popularizing Mr. Baldwin's character and personality. With a large section of the floating vote he is definitely popular; by a much larger section he is, it is true, criticized, but that does not mean that he will not obtain its vote. Criticism is very largely suggested by the syndicated press, and grumbling is an Englishman's privilege and pleasure. Many of those who criticize Mr. Baldwin would be readier to vote for him whom they know with all his imperfections, than for the Archangel Gabriel if they were unfamiliar with him. Are we not only to waste the work of seven years and throw away the advantage of Mr. Baldwin's known character and personality, but at the same time to proclaim that we were wrong, that the Baldwin legend was untrue, and that he whom we asked the country to accept as the inspired John Bull is not really worthy to remain our leader?

Still more important is the fact that Mr. Baldwin represents the highest common denominator of Conservative thought. He has always emphasized the really important and non-controversial matters, such as peace in industry and imperial development.

So much criticism has been launched at Mr. Baldwin that it is only right that a frank appraisal should be made of any possible alternatives to him. Mr. Neville Chamberlain was, perhaps, the greatest success of the late Government; he has an unrivalled knowledge of local government and the social services—a rare qualification of a Conservative minister—and, being a pious son, appreciates the importance of the Empire though he has no great knowledge of it. He has not,

however, yet given any signs of that wide statesmanship which is supposed to be lacking in Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Winston Churchill is of course a far bigger figure than either Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Chamberlain. But if he stood for the party leadership it is doubtful whether he would secure one vote in addition to his own. His outstanding intellect runs in uneven harness with the judgment of a romantic schoolboy.

The name of Sir Austen Chamberlain has hardly been mentioned in this connexion, not only because his age and health make it doubtful whether he could bear the strain of even a sinecure office, but because his foreign policy during his last two years of office failed to give much satisfaction. His mind seems like his figure—too rigid. Lord Eustace Percy has vision but neither age nor experience, while Sir L. Worthington-Evans has both the latter but no vision. Major Oliver Stanley's leadership of the party is not likely to begin for another ten years.

Sir Robert Horne would obviously be welcome to certain newspaper magnates, but the party would not be unanimous in considering that an asset. He is moreover deeply associated with "Big Business" and to the younger section who are resolved that the party shall not become the instrument of capitalists that fact alone would result in his election being bitterly opposed. Lord Hailsham has apparently sacrificed the claims he might have put forward on grounds of suitability by accepting a peerage. It seems to be tacitly assumed everywhere that never again can a peer become Prime Minister.

I am, etc.,

A NURSING CANDIDATE

NATIONAL MARK FLOUR

SIR,—The various proposals now before the public to better the conditions of home wheat growers and home millers tend to confusion.

Failing a truly comprehensive scheme for agriculture, which no political party seems to have the courage to advocate, I would suggest that the British public should give first preference in their custom to National Mark flour, produced in our home mills from British grain; secondly, to home-milled flour which can guarantee that it is the product of home and Empire wheat; and in the third place to home-milled flour which can give no such guarantee.

It is a clear absurdity to use any foreign milled flour; if we have to import breadstuffs from foreign sources we should at least secure for our workers the employment consequent upon the turning of the wheat into flour, and for our poultry and pig farmers the use of the offals.

I am, etc.,

3 Temple Gardens, E.C.4

FRANK FOX

A NEW CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME

SIR,—Among remedies for unemployment, you mention keeping out foreign manufactured goods. A Free Trader would retort, however, that if we reduce imports we reduce exports. On the face of it, therefore, competitive imports are not a cause of unemployment, and you neither explain why they provoke it nor propound an effective cure. A tariff which yields a revenue does not keep out foreign goods, and prohibitive tariffs, like those in the U.S.A., are not envisaged. As for "that measure of Protection which Lord Beaverbrook has so wisely and so truly called by the name of Empire Free Trade," he has surely misnamed it. Lord Beaverbrook is really preaching co-operation in production—a splendid conception, yet one which is the very antithesis of competition in trade.

You are not averse to the adoption of national development schemes, but, save re-afforestation, which of them would be "definitely productive undertakings"? Land drainage, what time millions of acres

are going out of cultivation, would not make our agriculture more productive; under existing conditions, huge electrical schemes may well raise the real cost of our manufactures, just as the multiplication of arterial roads would increase the real cost of transport.

Another remedy favoured is Imperial Settlement. But a young emigrant means the loss of a potential producer, so that instead of paying a premium to prospective employers, the latter ought to pay one. According to Mr. J. T. Brownlie, of the A.E.U., each of the thousands of skilled workmen who emigrate annually involves a capital loss of £5,000 to Great Britain and a corresponding gain to the Dominions.

Like the dole, these remedies amount to an evasion of the unemployment problem, the crux of which is "to find employment for those who are without it." And as an over-production of all commodities is almost inconceivable—witness the standard of living of the masses and their discontent in every industrialized country—there ought to be plenty of work to do. But under a regime of *laissez-faire* it has been no one's business to stimulate the production of the right commodities—commodities which, because they are desired, would be consumed. As a consequence of an unbalanced supply and demand, those without employment cannot find it. The same regime is responsible for an over-production of some commodities with a simultaneous under-supply of many others. As a consequence of an unstable connexion between supply and demand, those with employment are liable to lose it, and they cannot find an alternative employment owing to the fact that neither labour, except the most unskilled labour, nor capital engaged in industry can change its occupation at a moment's notice.

Turning to its general policy, the Conservative Party is advised "to take its stand upon the principle that the interests of the nation as a whole come before those of any section of it." But as a nation consists of various sections, "the supremacy of one class of the community over the others" can be prevented only if the interests of all classes coincide with those of the nation. The Socialism of to-day is a natural reaction against Liberalism, with its doctrine of self-interest and glaring social injustices. Liberalism is based on economic liberty—Free Trade, for example. I venture to suggest that a New Conservative Programme—one which is in the spirit of Conservative tradition and would, at the same time, appeal to the electorate—should be based upon the principle of economic justice. In no other way can "practical grievances be redressed" because "between the weak and the strong Liberty oppresses and Law sets free."

I am, etc.,

Bexhill-on-Sea

J. S. HECHT

P.S.—A legacy of Pitt was the first Free Trade Treaty—the Treaty of Eden, 1786—and some of the principles upon which he acted were inspired by Adam Smith's spirit of Liberalism.

J. S. H.

'IS ART DYING?'

SIR,—May I congratulate Mr. Adrian Bury on his splendid article in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW?

It is refreshing to hear an outspoken opinion on some of our so-called "world masters" of modern art. It is about time the public had an opportunity of reading what they themselves mostly think but dare not express for fear of derision from the intelligentsia of 1930. Perhaps now that Mr. Adrian Bury has dared to put in writing what he genuinely feels in regard to paintings which to the average lover of beauty convey a shudder of horror, others will show equal courage and uphold his conviction that it is not necessary to distort nature before transferring it to canvas.

I am, etc.,

GRACE M. SLATER

Hampstead, N.W.

IN GENERAL

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE, in his long essay on 'Desert Islands,' with its rich archipelago of notes and divagations and speculations, has lately been reopening a magic casement for many a reader. Alas! he published it a month or two too soon. Had he lingered a little longer on his explorations, he might well have given us his reflections on a fresh aspect of his theme. For here, just too late for his musing, comes the news from St. Kilda that the two or three score islanders have lost all patience with their lot, are weary of living in exile from the twentieth century, and are petitioning to be for ever de-insularized. And thus we shall behold, within measurable distance of our own mainland, an island made desert, and man abandoning an old conquest to the waves and the birds.

The St. Kildans may be right; they doubtless know their own business best. The population has long been dwindling, a circumstance that makes neither for health nor for tranquil sociability; to be shut off from communication with the outer world for eight months of the twelve was all very well when tastes kept their pastoral simplicity, but exasperating when literacy became common, and wireless brought perpetual reminders of the rest of humanity being drawn closer and closer by speed and ease of communication. No doubt it is too easy, in the turmoil of mainland life, to conjure up the bliss of lonely islands, and we have been too prone to murmur "*De insulis nil nisi bonum.*"

However, I could not help thinking, when I read this Hebridean news, of how differently the ancestors of these malcontents viewed their fortune in being born on their steep rock; and I took down a little book which gives a curious first-hand account of the island as it was just over two hundred years ago. Its author was one Martin Martin, Gent., and, as authors did in those days, he left no doubt on his title-page as to the contents of his book: 'A Voyage to St. Kilda, the Remotest of all the Hebrides or Western Isles of Scotland,' runs the title, and goes on to promise, *inter alia*, "An account of the very remarkable inhabitants of that place, their beauty and singular chastity (fornication and adultery being unknown among them); their genius for poetry, music, dancing; their surprising dexterity in climbing the rocks, and walls of houses; diversions, habit, food, language, diseases and methods of cure; their extensive charity; their contempt of gold and silver as below the dignity of human spirit; their religious ceremonies, notion of spirits and visions, etc., etc. . . ." It is an odd little book, written after a visit in company with a minister from Harris in the summer of 1697, but it fulfils the promise of its comprehensiveness. True, Dr. Johnson commented unfavourably on Mr. Martin's style: he first read the book in Lichfield days, and carried it with him when he travelled to the Highlands, but "no man now writes," he said, "so ill as Martin's account of the Hebrides is written." Nevertheless, the book has the ring of truth in its observation, and its style, if unpolished, and a little inconsequent, has the merit of directness, which never comes amiss in a book of travel.

Mr. Martin, although he found that the St. Kildans were "very cunning" in matters of trade—"there is scarce any circumventing of them in traffic and bartering; the voice of one is the voice of all, one common interest uniting them together"—had no doubts as to their essential virtues. Indeed, he seemed almost to envy them in most things. They were, he declared:

happier than the generality of Mankind, being almost the only People in the World who feel the sweetness of

true Liberty: what the Condition of the People in the Golden Age is feigned by the Poets to be, that theirs really is, I mean, in Innocency and Simplicity, Purity, mutual Love and cordial Friendship, free from solicitous Cares and anxious Covetousness; from Envy, Deceit and Dissimulation; from Ambition and Pride, and the Consequences that attend them. They are altogether ignorant of the Vices of Foreigners, and governed by the Dictates of Reason and Christianity, as it was first delivered to them by those Heroic Souls whose Zeal moved them to undergo Danger and Trouble to plant Religion here in one of the remotest Corners of the World.

However, even in this golden seventeenth century there was a shadow over the St. Kildan scene. A wolf was born in the fold of Innocency and Simplicity; and Mr. Martin added a curious account of one of the least-known religious impostors of British history, a young man who seems to have exerted an unpleasant power over the islanders for several years before being finally seized and shipped off to the mainland. His name was Roderick, and he must have been born about 1775. At the age of eighteen he returned from a Sabbath's fishing (a sinister beginning), with the tale that he had met with a stranger who had told him that he was John the Baptist, commissioned to instruct young Roderick in the true laws of Heaven for the edification of St. Kilda. The islanders seem at first to have lent fairly willing ears to Roderick's revelation, and he elaborated a queer concoction of fable and ritual custom, twisting certain old beliefs into convenient new forms, usually beneficial to himself, and making skilful play of their credulity by exploiting his own gifts of "second sight" and an inventive imagination. But like so many private religious innovators, Roderick was shipwrecked on the rocks of woman. His bona fides was severely questioned when his special and always secret concerns with the women-folk of the island came to be investigated by their husbands, and the end of the Roderick era in St. Kildan history came to a speedy end. It would be interesting to know whether any tradition of the episode survived into our own times.

And when the last boat pushes off with the last St. Kildan there will be nothing left but the fulmar petrels, the puffins, the kittiwakes and the gannets. What will happen to this, the newest of British desert islands? It is perhaps too remote for Mr. Compton Mackenzie to add to his collection of islets. But some rich recluse, extreme in his eccentricity, may fancy its grand inaccessibility. If I myself were a little more eremitical and a good deal richer I should certainly give it a trial.

QUINCUNX

NEW NOVELS

- The Party Dress.* By Joseph Hergesheimer. Knopf. 7s. 6d.
Drifting Leaves. By S. H. McGrady. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.
Venus on Wheels. By Maurice Dekobra. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.

MR. HERGESHEIMER has done his work at a deliberate pace and on a minute scale. The result is that the book is tightly packed, but some of the packing is hardly more than padding. Too much emphasis has been laid on trivialities and there are scraps of dialogue, e.g.:

"I wonder . . . if you will ever pay any attention to what I ask you. I've been standing here with this neck-tie for five minutes" . . . "Perhaps green would be better. You have some very pretty green ones" . . . "If you had taken the trouble to look at my socks you'd have seen green was impossible. I could wear blue."

But when all is said and done, what is it all about? The party dress which Nina Henry puts on for the first time to wear at the Eastlake Country Club is a symbol of her unsatisfied yearnings. It came from Paris (more symbolism in this detail) and transforms her into what the blurb primly calls "an almost indecently beautiful woman," but what her husband describes in terms of monosyllabic bluntness. Nina, who has been viewing with an indulgent eye her husband's clumsily discreet attentions to Mrs. Cora Lisher (if Nina had married Evert Tideman, they would both have been much happier) has herself been flirting mildly with Francis Ambler, a hobbledehoy who seems even duller than her husband. Nevertheless, she permits him to hope and Francis does hope. But then there arrives unexpectedly one Chalke Ewing from Cuba, a cynic with an inordinate fondness for rum swizzle and strong cigars. Mr. Ewing, who is very lean and sunburnt, first repels Nina by his anti-patriotic opinions, but before long he fascinates her, chiefly, it seems, by talking about "Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato." The party dress also helps, and they "fall in love with each other," as the saying is. But whereas Mr. Ewing, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his vague background of tropical pashadom, is anxious for matrimony, Nina desires chiefly "more sensation. . . more passion. . . more everything." We are given to understand that she gets, at least, some of these things. But scarcely has this happened than Mr. Ewing, without a word, returns to Cuba. This, in itself, is not surprising. Indeed, his sudden flight is more plausible than his infatuation. What follows, however, is not plausible at all. Mr. Ewing commits suicide. Why? There may have been a dozen reasons, but we have to take Mr. Hergesheimer's word for it. Now, suicide in fiction is an easy but also a dangerous device. If the novelist does not succeed in making it a psychologically inevitable act, it is hopelessly unreal. And here, although the tragic possibilities in 'The Party Dress' are evident, the tragic climax produces as artificial an effect as a clumsily painted drop-scene with human beings visible in front of it.

After these sophisticated prancings round the conjugal maypole, 'Drifting Leaves' is singularly straightforward and unpretentious. Mr. McGrady begins with a betrayed village maiden, of whom, however, he makes something more than a stock figure. The story of her slow revenge is told with an effective simplicity, and although there are a few lapses into the sentimental or the commonplace, the narrative has a plain, sombre quality of its own. There are, in particular, several vivid scenes from village inns and market-places which possess the charm of old-fashioned wood-cuts. Mr. McGrady knows how rustics talk, and the racy speech which he reproduces has an authentic ring. Also, he contrives a happy ending without sacrificing too much to conventional standards.

Maurice Dekobra, the French author, is probably best known for his 'Madonna of the Sleeping Cars.' His 'Venus on Wheels' has now been translated into English (the translation, by Metcalf Wood, is easy and good), and in his preface to the English edition the author writes: "I shall feel happy if 'Venus on Wheels' is not used by surgeons as a substitute for chloroform when they operate upon their patients." He need not worry. If Huneker is volatile, then Dekobra bubbles over, and this book might well belong to the "scabrous element in Gallic light literature," which amuses one of Huneker's characters. It has its good points in plenty, including an ingenious and diverting plot, though it merely tantalizes where Huneker fulfils. It is without pretensions and without much offensiveness—but much nearer in its effect to cheap champagne than to chloroform.

REVIEWS

MR. LEWIS'S SATIRE

The Apes of God. By Wyndham Lewis. The Arthur Press. 63s.

THE enormous productivity of Mr. Wyndham Lewis appears to be inexhaustible. To the philosophical and critical volumes of the past three years he has now added a huge novel. Its subject is the coterie-world of London between the end of the war and the general strike; its title, we are told, refers to the imitators of artists and thinkers who abound in fashionable Bohemia, and its manner is the farrago of talk and the mixture of styles that we have come to expect from him. To quote his own description from the dust-wrapper, the book reflects: the collapse of English social life in the grip of post-war conditions. Its theme is the confusion of intellect and of emotion as exhibited in a society beneath the shadow of a revolutionary situation. It shows that society groping back to its childhood; and how, beneath the threat of the future, whose significance it is too exhausted to grasp, it calls loudly for its Mamma, and returns to the bibs and bottles of its babyhood.

This clue is welcome, for while 'The Apes of God' is not so unintelligible as 'The Childermass,' it has deserts of apparent irrelevance, and, being composed of a series of sections, it invites us to choose the interesting and to reject the wearisome as if it were a collection of separate descriptions. The thread on which these are strung is the character of Horace Zagreus, who proposes to show to Daniel Boleyn, an incredibly jejune Irish youth who is always blushing, the various types of ape in their respective haunts. Zagreus himself, who is the least eccentric of the talkers, is said to be the mouthpiece of a brilliant person called Pierpoint, but as Pierpoint does not appear we need not concern ourselves with him. Almost all the incidents occur at crushes or parties, and the second half of the book is an interminable description of a gathering at Lord Osmund's, in which the zest of the author is more remarkable than the interest or the purport of most of the various scenes. To my own mind, the prologue and the conclusion (a description of the London streets during the general strike with an irrelevant and farcical love-scene) may be neglected, and the interest centres on the four parts that precede the preparation for Lord Osmund's entertainment.

Not until a hundred pages have been written do we come to a straightforward statement of the theme, and this, called the Encyclical, is a summary of Mr. Lewis's quarrel with the ape-world. The work of Mr. Pierpoint, it condenses the author's criticism:

By adopting the life of the artist the rich have not learnt more about art, and they respect it less. With their more irresponsible "bohemian" life they have left behind their "responsibilities"—a little culture among the rest. . . . The result is that they abominate good art as much as bad artists do, and have as much contempt for bad art as have good artists!

The rest of the book, since it is a novel, illustrates the talk, habits and haunts of these people with a kaleidoscopic series of effects, some of which are highly amusing, some revealing, some irrelevant and wearisome because of their length. Part VI, called 'The Ape-flagellant,' is a diverting account of a visit to a studio the owner of which is celebrated for his collection of whips. The climax of the party is a request to see this collection, and the scene is inimitably told. To complete the satire it appears that the rich owner has rented all the studios in his block! The episode called the 'Lesbian Ape' is an excellent piece of farce in which the hero, invited to inspect another studio, is received by a formidable woman in knickerbockers, ordered to strip, abused for his hesitation, and, after

his cup of humiliation has overflowed, finds that he has mistaken the house and been confused with the model that she was expecting. This is followed by a much longer incident, the dinner "chez Lionel Kein esq." which, as the title suggests, is an account of a party at which the admirers of Marcel Proust are satirized. Mr. Zagreus, with his prodigious memory, reports the criticism that Pierpoint has made of these admirers and endeavours to convince Mr. and Mrs. Kein that they are flattering themselves when professing to see themselves and their neighbours under the Proustian microscope; that, in fact, they tacitly assume their superiority to any such exposure. Here is a characteristic thrust from the lips of Mr. Zagreus to his hostess:

She: "I believe I regard myself just as objectively as Proust could." Isabel smiled, the reverse of nonplussed.

He: "Then why—how shall I put it—are you not different? Please excuse me—it is very important. Why do you never change, in spite of that revelation? You are anybody I mean, of course."

The merit of the scene is that the Keins are drawn as sympathetically as their critic, and the whole episode is the best piece of sustained description in the book. The "invulnerable conceit of a full stomach and a fat purse" is said to delight in being satirized, and the satirist himself does not escape. We are told that "nothing really disgusts him." From Lord Osmund's party the scraps that remain in my memory are the insistence that all civilized standards have been forced down since the Truce, and that, in consequence, men are "stunted, with the mind of a daring gutter-product of ten summers. What is the issue? Pierpoint is convinced there is no issue! We are all rats caught in a colossal mechanical trap." That, at all events, is the conclusion of the argument. The book goes on for two hundred pages more.

One notices that the vigour, the restlessness, the dazzling qualities of the style, apart from the passages of straightforward prose that have been mentioned, with its trick of double adjectives that stab the mind as the eyes are stabbed by the flickers of white in many films, and by the staccato movements of the limbs of film-actors, seem to be an infection from many of the jazz elements that Mr. Lewis appears to detest. This form of restless writing is an infallible cause of headache, and the interest and excitement of much that he has to tell is accompanied by the certainty that one will never return to it once a primary curiosity has been exhausted. Such a style, I believe, will never wear well because repose is banished from it. To-day it is found in many examples of undeniably brilliant work, but it is, I think, a stylistic blind alley. Not long ago, to take a different example (in which the treatment rather than the rhythm had this quality of flicker) I asked a great admirer of Miss Norah Hoult's 'Poor Women' if he had returned to her stories and re-read them. He replied that he had tried, but, to his own astonishment, he had been unable to finish even the first a second time. Such an experience is suggestive, and the test can be applied to writers of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's order. The harsh glare as of electric light that suffuses, for example, the first paragraph of 'The Apes of God' is not to be endured for more than a passing moment, and our regret must be that a writer of his intelligence, observation and powers of reflection, should indulge so often in a style that is more like American than English. Again, is it not a waste of energy to devote so much attention to passing absurdities, and is not an artist better employed fashioning the beauty in which he does believe than in satirizing the counterfeit that irritates him? 'The Apes of God' may be the most brilliant product of a season, and one day even may be reopened by those curious to recall the decade that succeeded the war, but the best work of which Mr. Lewis is capable will not, I think, be brilliance of this kind.

OSBERT BURDETT

A TRAGIC DRAMATIST

The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones. By Doris Arthur Jones. Gollancz. 25s.

SHOULD biography be a simple listing of the facts, or a literary form? If the first, there is no more to be said. If the second, what then? The life of every man is necessarily a unity; the biographer's business is to present it as a dramatic—that is, a significant—unity. He must, by casting his subject as a living figure upon the stage of the proper backgrounds, reveal not only the facts but the meaning of this individual pilgrimage from birth to death.

By such a standard Mrs. Thorne (Doris Arthur Jones) fails—she is content to list—and her failure is more to be regretted because her subject is one who, while his place in the theatre of his day necessitated that his story should be told, was significant largely in relation to that theatre (of which virtually nothing is said); and because, too, many younger readers, to whom his later failures loom larger than his earlier successes, might need the adventitious aid of literary skill to attract them to the record of a man whose triumphs were scored before they were in their cradles, and whose work they deem, in some few cases mistakenly, to be already outmoded. The life of Henry Arthur Jones was a tragedy not of failure but of declension. He was not of those to whom age brings serenity and forgiveness of the world's follies, and in his elder years he fell upon hard times, more intellectually than financially. He began as a young man at the very bottom of the ladder. At twelve he was put to the drapery, and later became a commercial traveller, but he took to dramatic authorship as a profession before he was thirty, and at thirty-one scored his first and most enduring success with 'The Silver

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King.' Thenceforward followed twenty years of triumph, when he stood as one of the premier playwrights of the day, and with Sir Arthur Pinero gave great service to the drama by bridging the gulf which then fatally separated it from literature, and by helping to restore the prestige of the author in the theatre, and of the theatre in the national consciousness. From 'Saints and Sinners' to 'Mrs. Dane's Defence' he produced many admirable dramas and social comedies, but with later years there appeared repetition and a suggestion of disheartened and disheartening superficiality; some of his best-loved plays having proved failures, he was constrained to "write down" to what he hoped might be the level of popular success. It did not come; partly as a result of his own good works, he was being overtaken and outshone by younger men. Artistically the war finished him. His violent attacks upon Wells and Shaw, in the name of a short-sighted patriotism, did not serve his reputation well. He became politician and publicist, and he was fitted to be neither. How true was T. P. O'Connor when he exclaimed: "In heaven's name drop politics; you belong to a higher profession." So he declined to the unhappy and painful end—old, ill, querulous and failing. Mrs. Thorne shirks none of the pitiful detail, and yet while she is frank she is not free. Perhaps no daughter could or should be, but then should a daughter write her father's biography, even when he wishes it? Courageously she tells the truth about his failures and his failings, but not even that can break the link between them. Always it is her father of whom she writes, and yet to the reader, if one may say so, it is the relationship which matters least. Biographically its disadvantages outweigh its advantages. What Mrs. Thorne really presents is the material for a biographer to work upon.

Naturally these pages contain much interesting matter, especially in the way of letters written to Henry Arthur Jones by Messrs. Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm, Cunningham Graham, Hardy, Conrad, Ellen Terry, and many other friends and colleagues. Altogether there is an abundance of quotation of mostly hitherto unpublished matter (referring to stage and literary and personal relationships), and the book, whatever its defects, certainly does give the facts.

THE TRANSCENDENTALIST

Emerson. By Regis Michaud. Translated by George Boas. Cape. 15s.

THIS book is in many ways an irritation. It is written in a jerky style, with a plenitude of gasps and catches-o'-the-breath that are galling to the nerves. And some of the euphemisms are appalling, e.g., "The Emersons did not have strong chests" (p. 14). Why in the name of goodness not write "had weak chests"? It is probable, however—I have not seen the original—that no such impression would be produced by M. Michaud's French. As to matter, although there are too many trivial personalities, the author does succeed in his aim of telling the story of Emerson's life so as to explain the origin and nature of his fundamental beliefs. Emerson is understood when it is remembered that his mental attitude was a natural revolt against Calvinistic theology, as also against the cold rationalism of many eighteenth-century divines. In passing, one may note that Paley's famous watch argument is much stronger than many people will admit. Indeed, the proofs of natural theology are stronger than the evidences for a revealed religion. But this is all on the negative side. The positive influences that made Emerson the force he was were Plato, the Neo-Platonism of

Plotinus, and the writings of modern transcendental mystics.

Every now and then M. Michaud startles us with one of those sudden flashes of wit that are characteristic of the French intellect. On p. 326, in connexion with Emerson's second visit to England, he says, "He speaks of the nobility as an agnostic speaks of God." That sentence bites! And a little later on he tells us that the "rough fellows" who attended Emerson's lectures got sick of the Oversoul; they preferred Artemus Ward. So should we. When, in another context, he quotes from Emerson a saying that "to realize his destiny every man ought to be a capitalist," we catch a distinct echo of Aristotelian teaching which is hard to reconcile with his reverence for Plato's Dialogues. Perhaps the Athenians poisoned the wrong man. If they had only waited! And one may add that when Emerson condemned slavery as contrary to the Law of Nature, he might have remembered that Aristotle defended slavery by that very law. What has the Law of Nature not been made to cover, one would like to know!

It is abundantly clear from this account of Emerson's life and work that he had no conception of philosophy as an enquiry capable of being pursued apart from religious prepossessions. Philosophy was not yet emancipated from theology; and Emerson always remained in Comte's first stage. In consequence, he has contributed nothing of value to a discussion of the central problems of metaphysics, done nothing to build up a satisfactory theory of knowledge. But owing to his revolt from dogmatic and institutional Christianity, while he appears irreligious to the orthodox, to the agnostic he seems a God-intoxicated man. The latter is the truer view. Like all born mystics, Emerson believed himself to be the witness of a divine vision, and the vision was its own evidence.

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COBDEN-SANDERSON

And so he says, p. 81, "Does not every consciousness contain its own evidence?" This is an understandable view, as some of the attacks he made on institutional Christianity are not. Finally, the best apology that can be found for the Christianity of the Churches is that it lies in the main march of human progress, a view impossible to Emerson because, again like a true mystic, he "took no interest" in history, and to him time had only one dimension.

A. J. HUGHES

KING EDWARD INTIME

King Edward VII and His Court: Some Reminiscences. By Sir L. Cust. Murray. 12s.

THESE recollections of the late Sir Lionel Cust add to the store of our knowledge of King Edward, giving some vivid glimpses of his life *intime*, and of the Court. In some degree it may be said to supplement the official biography, though in haphazard form. Sir Lionel as surveyor of the King's pictures, and as Gentleman Usher, enjoyed the late King's regard, which ripened into friendship, and as he was an observer of discernment he has recorded many things of interest.

The earlier part of the book naturally tells in some detail the story of the taking over and rearrangement of the Royal Palaces after the death of Queen Victoria. Some of them had been greatly neglected and cluttered up with relics of every kind. Buckingham Palace, in particular, was quite a museum. The Empress Frederick, in her last illness, wrote begging her brother to have a search made in Buckingham Palace for a small coloured bust of a child which used in the days of their childhood to stand on a bookcase or cupboard in the nursery corridor. "The little bust was found more or less where the Empress indicated, forgotten and neglected all through those many years."

One chapter describes the delicate interview which King Edward had at Osborne with his sisters, Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, in regard to the scheme to transform Osborne House. Their approval, which was forthcoming, was necessary, as the change involved a special interpretation of Queen Victoria's will, and both Princesses had houses on the confines of Osborne Park.

The narration of the changes made in the picture and other collections under the surveillance of King Edward illustrates the latter's tenacity of will and shrewdness of judgment, although he made no claim to be a connoisseur. "'I do not know much about art,' he would say, with the characteristic rolling of his r's, 'but I think I know something about arr-r-rangement,' and he certainly did know." There is much information in the book about the Royal art collections and other treasures; and it is prefaced by a charming memoir of Sir Lionel by Lady Cust.

A. P. N.

TROTSKY ON HIMSELF

My Life. By Leon Trotsky. Butterworth. 30s.

IF there is little in Trotsky's apology for his life that is at once new and true, there is at least, as might be expected from so redoubtable a controversialist, a great deal that is entertaining. Throughout his life Trotsky has been a fighter, and exile seems only to have sharpened the wit, the irony, and the invective which were his favourite weapons in the now far-off days when he was Commissar for Foreign Affairs. All his old enemies are here—Lloyd George, MacDonald, Jean Longuet, that lasting reminder "that Marx was not responsible for his grandsons"—and some new ones.

Caricature, however, is an art best practised sparingly. After the first flash of wit, the endless harping on the theme of Stalin's inconstancy becomes

wearisome. It may be true, as we are here told for the first time, that before his death Lenin had made plans to deprive Stalin of what little power he then possessed. But Lenin died; Stalin disregarded the master's categorical imperative; and Trotsky, to quote a verse for which he himself shows a liking, is left in the unenviable position of mourning "the snows of yesteryear." His criticism of Soviet policies is acute: to call Stalin the typical mediocrity is to repeat in more easily digestible form Herr Fulöp-Miller's lengthy examination of the foundations of Bolshevik power. But it is a criticism which, in Russia at least, is somewhat discounted by Stalin's refusal to make any reply.

Personal squabbles were the commonest pastime of the Russian revolutionary *émigrés* before the war, and a change of oppressor has brought little change of tactics in the oppressed. But when all personal matters are laid aside, there remains in Trotsky's life much that will be of enduring interest. The story of his early activities in Russia is told with a detached insight which, if differently applied, might have made of him an admirable novelist. His escape from Siberia and his successive expulsions from France, Spain, and Russia provide all the excitement of the best of "thrillers." And in his account of the Civil War there is brought home for the first time the immensity of the effort which was needed before the Bolsheviks were able to begin to establish their state. Trotsky's part in that work is already well known. By a devotion to the task in hand and a natural genius for organization, he was able to create an army out of chaos, and so to lay a foundation for the suspicious envy which was later to prove his downfall. When the history of the Russian Revolution is at last seen in its true perspective, it is probably by this alone that he will be remembered.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Romance of the Derby Stakes. By Alan Macey. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

WE know how these things are done; but Mr. Macey has done more than add "stakes" to the title of Moorhouse's *magnum opus*, and condense its matter with Sallustian brevity, adding a continuation from 1908 to 1929. Besides the admixture of other authorities, a complete rearrangement has taken place. The annals here are not given chronologically, though, of course, we begin with Diomed. There are chapters on owners, native and foreign, on the Turf scandal of the '40's, on "outsiders," famous finishes, Donoghue, the course, camera and film; and room is even found for the Oaks. You get your money's worth of fact, and twenty-four illustrations thrown in.

A critic's business is to pick holes. When one reads (p. 94) that the elopement of a peer, who died in 1868, is "still too well remembered to need discussion in these pages," the scissors and paste method becomes just a little apparent. There is an absence of the name of W. P. Frith, which is strange; for even now one cannot go into the National Gallery without seeing more people gathered round 'Derby Day' than any other picture. Nor does the author make the point we should like to have seen made about the race of 1913, namely, that not even a woman's death in a political cause can spoil real sport. The names of the horses should have been printed under the photograph of that finish; the tragedy of Tattenham Corner needed no caption. It was Aboyeur's Derby, after all. Still, much can be forgiven for a beautiful photograph of Ladas.

The appendices make this octavo a concise manual of reference for sportsmen and amateurs with limited shelf room.

Eleutheros, or The Future of the Public Schools.

By J. F. Roxburgh. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

THE headmaster of a new foundation must, we suppose, hold the view that public schools have a future before them, but, though the eye of faith is notoriously discerning, Dr. Roxburgh has signally failed to probe that future. It is the parents who really control the policy of a school, and this social control can readily become economic as the endowments of the older schools fall in value. It was the pressure of the middle classes in the nineteenth century that forced the public schools to be false alike to the aims of their founders and to their own traditions; and, as public opinion veers away from the snobbish Victorian attitude which left these schools public only in name, the schools themselves will tend towards a saner view of education than the formation of "character"—will, we hope, train the leaders of men who use their brains instead of men who rely on their instincts, in whatever rank of life they may be found.

The Works of Congreve. Edited by F. W. Bateson. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

THIS is good money's-worth. All Congreve's comedies, 'The Way of the World,' 'Love for Love,' 'The Old Bachelor,' 'The Double Dealer'; a selection of his poems and his short novel 'Incognita,' for the price of one Mayfly detective novel. Mr. Bateson has prepared a careful and accurate text, wisely modernized in spelling, and has added an entertaining introduction, marred only by one incredible misjudgment on the last page. However, on the principle that introductions are always better unread, it will no doubt pass unnoticed. The type and format of this book are excellent, and its dark red, simple binding worthy of all praise.

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The Life and Adventures of Daniel Defoe. By Paul Dottin. Translated from the French by Louise Ragan. Stanley Paul. 18s.

AN essentially middle-class, commercially minded, hypocritical and almost dull fellow: that is the half-true picture which M. Dottin, without meaning to do so, manages to convey of Defoe. He paints it well enough, filling in the personal gaps between the names and dates of incessant pamphlets and the rather meagre particulars of Defoe's Whig and Tory intrigues with deft but not overstrained imagination. It is no small achievement to have made the record of Defoe's first fifty years, a barren half-century in its fruits, so entertaining, but we are left wondering at the end how M. Dottin's Defoe could ever have created Moll Flanders or the immortal Robinson. He could not; and it is that something else which spiced the ever-present commercial and sententious elements in his character that M. Dottin seems to have missed. It does not appear to him a miracle (as Mr. De la Mare recently emphasized it) that the thirty or more years of hack journalism which stretch out behind 'Robinson Crusoe' had not dried up Defoe's creative imagination. This remains, still, a useful and readable account of Defoe with no other serious fault but its English. M. Dottin has been unfortunate in his translator, an American who evidently knows as little of English topography as of English usage. Such combinations *ad nauseam* as "the Reverend Hollingsworth," "the Reverend Annesley," and such frequent misspellings as "the fields of Finbury" and "Warwichshire" stare awkwardly out of the pages.

The Socialist Tradition in the French Revolution. By Harold J. Laski. Fabian Society and Allen and Unwin. 1s.

THIS pamphlet is a lecture given by the author at King's College, London. It is an interesting piece of work, but its weakness is the difficulty of defining the brand of Socialism that is to be looked for. Mr. Laski gives his own definition and rejects revolutionaries, whose plans did not "admit the right and duty of the State to subordinate individual claim to social need" and who did not "seek the deliberate and continuous reconstruction of social institutions to the end of satisfying social demand upon the largest possible scale." Both tests are extremely vague and neither is satisfactory. So when the test is vague it is difficult to place much importance upon the author's decisions as to which revolutionaries were Socialist and which were not. It is amusing to see Mr. Laski writing: "It is necessary to distinguish between declamatory denunciation and definite plan." Those who have read Mr. Laski's recent books about the need for economic equality will agree that he himself is a master of "declamatory denunciation" of inequality, but totally devoid of any "definite plan." Mr. Laski is our modern Rabaut Saint-Etienne.

How the Ratepayer is Governed. By Kate Rosenberg. Williams and Norgate. 3s. 6d.

IT is a pity that otherwise excellent books on civics should be permeated with the author's own political opinions. This little book gives in small compass an account of our existing local government authorities and enough of their history to explain them. It will be exceedingly useful to all who are engaged or interested in local affairs. But in such a book it is almost an impertinence to introduce opinions on matters of policy.

This book teems with Labour bias. Local authorities which embark on costly schemes under the "Adoptive Acts" or otherwise are dubbed "progressive," while those who believe that the happiness of the community

is best served by letting people keep as much of their own money as possible are called "slack"; County Councils are accused of being undemocratic in comparison with district and borough councils; Mayors and legal Town Clerks are critized, and so on.

Horace Walpole. By Lewis Melville. Hutchinson. 18s.

THIS volume is described as a "biographical study," but it is little more than a selection of passages from Horace Walpole's delightful letters, with enough connective tissue to make them into a kind of life of their writer. It is, of course, very entertaining. But it is a pity that Mr. Melville has not taken a little more trouble to be accurate. He begins by telling us that he has been permitted to make full use of the Oxford edition "in eighteen volumes"; it is usually said to be in nineteen, as the index volume is an integral part of the work. He makes Hazlitt murder a hackneyed hexameter from Horace by printing *Quod sic mihi ostendis, incredulus odi*. He drops a clause on page 229—oddly enough an exact line in Cunningham's edition—and so makes mere nonsense of what Walpole wrote. He speaks of the Bishop of Meaux as "Nossuet" and prints "Strudbrugs" for Walpole's "Strulbrugs"—Swift wrote neither. He does not seem to be aware that the long and angry letter written in answer to Edward Walpole's protest about Castle Rising was never sent. But this is "pretty Fanny's way," and in spite of it all Mr. Melville's book will be read with pleasure, especially by those who sigh with envy of the past to think that in 1796 it was possible to have a housekeeper, cook, housemaid and lady's maid for £58 a year.

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ART THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

BY ADRIAN BURY

AMONG the new acquisitions at the National Portrait Gallery, Goya's study of Wellington stands first in interest though not in art. The red chalk sketch for it has been available to experts at the British Museum, but the painting has only just been placed on loan by the Duke of Leeds. The face bears unmistakable marks of Goya's style, but it is very inferior to such a work as this master's 'Dr. Peral.' There is a legend that Wellington, who had just entered Madrid at the head of an Anglo-Spanish army, did not like the portrait. He expressed himself somewhat forcibly and the artist, in a sudden passion, threatened to shoot the soldier. Xavier Goya is supposed to have snatched the pistols from his father. It is a very dramatic and picturesque story, and perhaps this unhappy atmosphere accounts for a lack of confidence, particularly in the painting of the coat and drawing of the decorations and shoulder. Nor do we gather from the irresolute eyes that we are confronting a man who was to be the arbiter of Europe's destiny.

The picture of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, one of the first collectors in England of works of art, is described as painted in the studio of Rubens. It is a splendid piece of work and must certainly have been touched in part, if not in whole, by the great painter. The treatment of the hair and armour has the grand manner, and although this picture has been somewhat "freshened" by cleaning, it does not lose by comparison with the other Rubens of the same nobleman in the National Gallery. It is so masculine throughout that McEvoy's three-quarter length of

Sir John Alcock in flying kit is reduced to a blue shadow. This is not a good McEvoy, an artist whose outlook was far too gentle and delicate to paint men, although no modern painter could interpret feminine beauty so well. As a curiosity of art and a document of history, the portrait of Henry VI, founder of Eton College, is attractive. It is obviously Flemish in origin. This work was done in 1500, after an early study.

Before the advent of the camera, at a time when there were character and genius in politics, the public had to rely upon artists for sketches of their parliamentary heroes. What has happened to the many admirable drawings that appeared in the illustrated journals of the '80's and '90's? Some of these should be preserved, if not too late, as in the case of those by Sidney P. Hall, now among the new things in the National Portrait Gallery. They are by no means trivial. Such artists, by long and careful study, were able in a few lines to seize upon the characteristics of speakers. The one of the youthful Asquith during the sitting of the Parnell Commission and those of Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are little masterpieces of dexterity, and if they had been by Daumier would have had a priceless value.

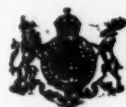
THE GOUPIL GALLERY

The Summer Exhibitions at the Goupil Gallery are never dull. The artists represented in the current collection are men who have made, or are making, names. To be able to criticize is to prove that their work is stimulating.

There are some people who should be restrained from painting the nude. Nadia Benois is one of them. To say that 'Freda' is clumsy in colour, drawing and spirit, is not to exaggerate. I am not sure that Mr. Eric Gill does not deserve censure for his figure of 'Chloe.' This is both silly and sexual. We hope



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we shall not be told that the tinting of the hair lemon yellow and the touches of vermilion elsewhere is a new idea. Mr. Gill is too fine and austere a craftsman to need to do this sort of sculpture. If artists cannot make the nude dignified, let them leave it alone. I yield to none in my appreciation of the work of Mr. Wilson Steer, but in 'The Old Quarry, Painswick,' he has given us a few colour blots. This is water-colour painting made too easy. Mr. du Plessis with his 'Interior' and Mr. David Jones with his 'Passing Sail' and 'China and Glass' have gone back to childhood, whither we do not intend to follow them.

I am sorry to see such a capable draughtsman as Mr. Bernard Meninsky wallowing in the wool of 'A Winter Landscape.' It is a mystery to me that artists who can draw well discard their powers. It is as if a good orator had suddenly become wilfully and babblingly incoherent.

Whatever Mr. James Pryde touches he makes important. He has greatness in his style. The 'Design for a Deserted Room,' though a small picture in itself, is large in treatment. The same may be said of his 'Design for Pageant' and 'Window, Cowdray Ruins.' Mr. Ian Strang is to be congratulated on the infinite pains he has taken with his drawing of 'The Preservation of St. Paul's.' It is no mean achievement to draw all this scaffolding in perspective and make a perfect design of the whole thing. A work of permanent interest and a cheap one. The best portrait in the exhibition is Mr. Neville Lewis's 'Tessa.' The artist knows how to handle oil paint without fumbling. This child's head is direct, spontaneous and vital. I see no merit in Mr. Henry Lamb's picture called 'The Writer.' It does not even startle us by being furiously modern. Mr. Gilbert Spencer is known to the world as the painter of 'The Resurrection' in the Tate. His works at the Goupil are variously attractive. He has an original outlook which helps him to invest ordinary things with mystery. 'Peahens' is a subject which a less imaginative artist might not have seen. Mr. Spencer has made a good design out of the hen coop and the trees in the background. Something of the same sense of naïve fantasy pervades the picture of 'St. John's Cottage, Hampstead.' A word of praise is due to Mr. Charles Cundall for his two pictures, 'The Loire Valley' and 'Midnight, Stockholm.' In the former Mr. Cundall has bravely striven to convey the "metallic" atmosphere of this part of France. The foreground is full of interesting old roofs which help to throw the valley itself into tone and perspective. A very difficult subject, handled with intelligence. Other good works are by Mr. Charles Ince, Mr. George Charlton and Miss Beatrice Bland.

COLLECTORS' NOTES

SILVER RESIST LUSTRE

BY EGAN MEW

DURING the last years of the nineteenth century the cultured, avid, enthusiastic collectors, of whom Lady Charlotte Schreiber may be taken to be the archetype and most prominent protagonist, began to find the supply of the fine old porcelains of England and the Continent by no means easy to come by. Their quarry had been hunted with tremendous spirit during several decades and the once favourite coverts no longer provided good sport. But if porcelains of interesting periods were becoming difficult to find, there remained the vast world of English pottery to be explored and developed; not quite so elegant and exciting as the china-ware of the

great period but full of character, English character, and with the charm of colour and a certain ingenuousness that, now the more sophisticated porcelains were scarce, had its attraction. Fifty years ago Mr. Henry Willett, whose large collection was bequeathed to the Brighton Museum, was among the first of the collectors, and a very industrious one, of these now important examples of our native craft. The Lambeth and Bristol delft and the early English wares of Taft and John and David Elers and others had long been prized by all those interested in ceramics, but at the period in question the enormous number of what may be called cottage ornaments produced in the potteries and in Sunderland, for the use and amusement of the proletariat in all parts of the country, was not greatly valued or documented by persons of taste. But with the passage of time the more attractive of the three makes—the Whieldon, the Ralph Wood and the Wedgwood pieces—such pieces, by the Woods, father and son, as are shown in the large group recently given by Mr. Saunders Fisk to the Victoria and Albert Museum—were sought by energetic collectors.

These examples passed from the open market into appreciative hands and there remain. But fresh fields of interest were soon discovered. The new taste was, however, for ware other than the cottage figures of naval and military heroes, princes and the idealistic little groups more or less after the models of Chelsea, and Bow, Bristol and Plymouth, not to mention Meissen—produced in the potteries and the northern factories. As has often happened with us, the artists led the way for the new taste and may justly be held responsible for the vogue of early nineteenth-century Staffordshire and Sunderland jugs and so forth which is now so marked. Mr. William Nicholson, to name but one brilliant painter among a good many, has made most effective use of our once neglected village pieces.

BOOKS WANTED

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 Surtees (R.) Horseman's Manual. 1831.
 Parrot, London as Seen from the Thames.
 Memoirs of the late John Mytton. 1835.
 Ackermann. Repository of Arts. 40 vols.
 Rawstorne (L.) Gamonia. 1837.
 Nimrod. Life of a Sportsman. 1842.
 Surtees. Analysis of the Hunting Field. 1846.
 The Hudson River Portfolio. A Collection of Coloured Views.
 Daniell (W. B.) A Voyage Round Great Britain. With Coloured Illustrations. 8 vols.
 Sweet (R.) Geraniaceae. 1820/30.
 Any Works on Birds by John Gould.
 Audubon (J. J.) The Birds of America. 4 big vols.
 Paxton. Magazine of Botany. 16 vols.
 Sowerby and Reeve. Conchologia Iconica. 2 vols.
 Kipling's Works. The Bombay Edition. 26 vols.
 Hardy's Works. The Melstock Edition. 37 vols.
 Conrad's Works. The Edition-de-Luxe. 21 vols.
 Bullen (A. H.) Collection of Old English Plays. 7 vols. 1882/90.
 Ward and Roberts. Romney. 2 vols.
 McLan and Login. Clans of the Scottish Highlands. 2 vols. 1845.
 Geddes (A.) A Collection of his Etchings.
 Marmor Norfolciense by Probus Britannicus. 1739.
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ART EXHIBITIONS

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3. WATER COLOURS by Olive Lee

Purchases have already been made by H.M. The Queen, H.M. Queen Maud of Norway, Mr. Courtauld, and other well-known Collectors.

VALUATION OF PICTURES FOR PROBATE, Etc.

Many of his still-life pictures showed the world the type of coloured and silvered ware which has, in its original state, now become popular with collectors and is already greatly copied. This proceeding is a considerable bother to some collectors so that it is a pleasure to point to one class of this English work of more than one hundred years ago which has not been, and perhaps cannot be, reproduced after a fashion likely to mislead the innocent and quiet mind. This is the so-called resist silver lustre which, unlike its near neighbour, whole silver lustre, appears difficult to copy. Our museums are not rich in examples of this ware, which was produced for only a short time, roughly from 1800, for twenty-five years, in Leeds, Castleford, Liverpool and in Staffordshire. The usual application of silver resist is to a ground of cream or white, but there are examples in which the ground is an agreeable yellow and, rarely, various shades of blue may be found and pink. At the museum at South Kensington there is shown an example with an interesting transfer design and another with a rich blue decoration. The name "resist" is used in this connexion because the design on the ware, often a graceful arrangement of vine and grapes and often, also, of exotic birds, sometimes of a once topical figure such as that of a Cossack or the then popular symbols of agriculture, is covered with some substance of the character of glycerine which protects the spaces desired to be left white when the whole object is treated with the silver lustre. Among the now admired but once neglected products of the potteries some hundred years ago, the resist lustre is worthy of most appreciation and it will surely be more and more highly valued, for it has considerable artistic qualities and it is rare.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 429

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, June 13)

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THE LAST, EXPORTED BY THE FRENCHMAN GAY.

1. As this, the prophet says, the strong shall be.
2. Clip at both ends a city on the Spree.
3. Here, Going, going, gone's the constant cry.
4. Disloyal, treacherous, a living lie.
5. Such be your roof when winter storms descend.
6. Notes when the transits start and when they end.
7. Of woolly ones a famous breed from Spain.
8. True conqueror am I: I conquer pain.
9. Deserves the wages which reward his toil.
10. An army's baggage; may include some spoil.
11. Third of an ache extremely hard to bear.
12. "These troublesome disguises which we wear."

*Milton

Solution of Acrostic No. 427

A	nthropologis	T	1 "The camomile, the more it is
N	ort	H	trodden on the faster it grows."
C	amomil	E ¹	Falstaff, quoting from a Euphuist,
I	chthysauri	A	in Hen. IV, Pt. 1, ii. 4.
E	ve	N	2 Num. vi. 2-21. Also spelt
N	az	Arite ³	Nazirite.
T	ige	R ³	3 "Tiger, tiger, burning bright
N	uisan	Ce ⁴	In the forests of the night,
i	vy-bus	H	What immortal hand or eye
ErinG		O ⁵	Dare frame thy fearful sym-
H	ow	L ⁶	metry?"
T	wea	D	Blake.

4 Anyone is at liberty to abate a nuisance.

5 Eryngo is the preferable spelling.

6 "The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore."

Campbell, *The Pleasures of Hope*.

ACROSTIC NO. 427.—The winner is "Met," the Hon. Mrs. M. Talbot, Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1, who has selected as her prize "Pearl Diver," by V. Berge and H. W. Lanier, published by Heinemann and reviewed by us on May 24 under the title "Terrors of the Pacific." Eleven other competitors chose this book, fifteen named "A Mixed Grill," seven "Sober Truth," seven "The Expansion of Italy," etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Boskerris, Carlton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Fossil, Iago, Martha, George W. Miller, St. Ives, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Armadale, Barberry, Charles G. Box, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, Ursula D'Ot, Gay, Jeff, Jop, Tyro, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Sisyphus.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—E. Barrett, Bolo, Boris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Chailey, J. Chambers, T. Hartland, Miss Kelly, M. Milne, Rabbits, Raven, Stucco, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

Light 3 baffled 30 solvers; Light 7, 12; Lights 5 and 8, 6; Lights 2 and 4, 5; Light 6, 4; Light 10, 3; Lights 1 and 9, 2.

G. W. MILLER.—Light 3: Marsh instead of Mammoth.

RESULT OF OUR THIRTY-FIRST QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The winner is "Carlton," the Viscount Doneraille, 91 Victoria Street, S.W.1, who is requested to choose a book, not exceeding Two Guineas in value, from among those reviewed by us during the past quarter. The winner scored 148 points out of a possible 149; Boskerris, Fossil and St. Ives, 146; Armadale and C. J. Warden, 145; A. E., Ceyx, Dhualt, Iago and Peter, 144; Met and Tyro, 143; Chailey, T. Hartland and N. O. Sellam, 142.

ACROSTIC NO. 428.—The winner is Mrs. Robt. Brown, Church Speen Lodge, Newbury, who has selected as her prize "My Hopes and Fears for the Church," edited by the Dean of Canterbury, published by Murray and reviewed by us on May 31. Five other competitors chose this book, twenty-four named "Leigh Hunt: A Biography," twelve "Queen Caroline," ten "Black Bread and Samovars," etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, Armadale, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Miss Carter, Chailey, J. Chambers, Chip, Clam, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Ursula D'Ot, Sir Reginald Egerton, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Iago, Jeff, Madge, Met, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Polamar, Rabbits, Sisyphus, Shorwell, St. Ives, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, E. Barrett, Bolo, Boote, Ceyx, Carlton, C. C. J., J. R. Cripps, Dolmar, D. L., Farsdon, Glamis, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, M. Milne, H. de R. Morgan, Lady Mottram, Raven, Rho Kappa, Stucco, P. D. Turner, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. J. Butler, Bertram R. Carter, T. Hartland, Lilian, K. Moloney, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

Light 2 baffled 18 solvers; Light 7, 8; Light 5, 5; Light 3, 4; Light 9, 2; Lights 6, 8, 10, 11, each 1.

G. W. M.—*Reviler* is accepted, but you had *Magian*, *Stag*, and *Enmity* instead of *Man*, *Sea-king*, and *Efronterry*.

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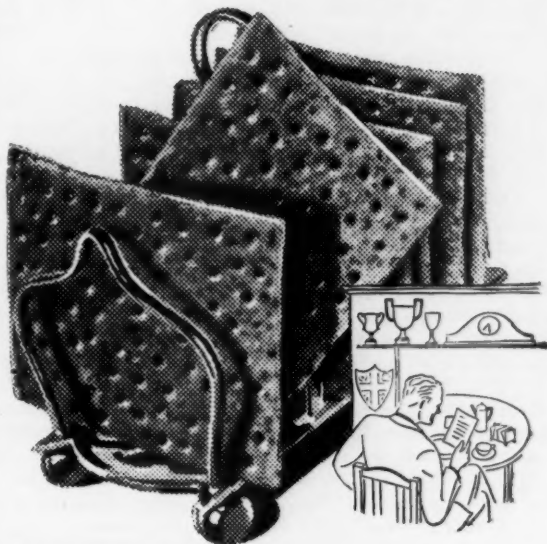
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Letters from Mary Goodbody

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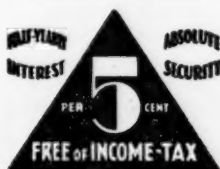
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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THAT the world-wide depression which has been raging during recent months will lead to a curtailment of revenue of a large number of companies is a foregone conclusion, and when the reports of results achieved in 1930 come to hand in 1931, tangible evidence will be provided of the difficulties that are now being faced in so many directions. Unfortunately, however, shareholders in certain companies have not to wait till 1931 to learn that all is not well with the concerns in which they are financially interested.

Last week-end the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company report for 1929 was issued. It shows a substantial falling off in revenue for the year ended December 31 last. When one remembers that so far in 1930 conditions have been much more difficult than during 1929, it will be appreciated that the Royal Mail Steam Packet report this time next year is likely to make an even more sorry showing. It will be remembered that last December the directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company announced that they were not paying the dividend on their preference stock in view of the necessity of husbanding their resources, as uncertainty existed as to the procedure that would be adopted as regards the Trades Facilities Loan for £2,500,000, which falls due for repayment in September and October of the current year and which the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company guaranteed on behalf of a subsidiary. The depreciation in Royal Mail Steam Packet counters during the last twelve months has been extremely severe. The ordinary stock at one time last year was 76; on the eve of the issue of the report it had fallen to 17½. The 6½ per cent. preference had fallen from 102 to 27, while the prices of the debentures have also suffered. It is suggested that this depreciation is not caused by one year's bad results, but is a reflection of the considerable uneasiness felt by stockholders that a drastic capital reorganization scheme is not merely desirable, but absolutely necessary. The balance sheet throws little real light on the position, as the auditors in their certificate explain that "the investments in subsidiary and allied companies are included at their book values, which are considerably in excess of their present values under existing conditions." The great question that requires answering is what is the real value of the investments in subsidiary and allied companies which figure in the balance sheet at over £12,000,000? It is to be hoped that at the forthcoming meeting shareholders will be supplied with ample information on this point.

GOLD MINES

In view of the continued fall and parlous outlook for so many commodities, it is not surprising that increased interest is being shown in those companies whose revenue is derived from the production of the one metal whose price cannot depreciate—gold. In fact, it is a little surprising that more attention has not been paid to the leading South African gold mining companies during recent months. The reason for this may lie in the fact that it is appreciated that, however sound a gold mining company may be, its mine is a wasting asset. At the same time, the yields of several of the leading South African

gold mines at current market prices are sufficiently generous to allow for an ample return on the capital invested after the investor has created his own sinking fund by hypothecating a portion of his half-yearly dividends for this purpose. It is suggested that shares in such companies as Crown Mines, New Modder, Government Gold Mining Areas, and Geduld are attractive at the present moment for investment purposes. Readers of these notes who require an ample return for their money and are nervous as to the general depression adversely affecting their investments, may well consider a purchase of some of the shares above named.

LIPTONS

The capital of Liptons Limited includes 1,000,000 5 per cent. non-cumulative first preference shares of 10s. each, which are standing in the market in the neighbourhood of 8s. 3d. It will probably be remembered that an arrangement has been entered into with the Meadow Dairy Company, by which arrangement that company is associated with the management of Liptons business. It must be remembered that the Meadow Dairy Company itself is controlled by the Home and Colonial Stores Limited, and therefore this arrangement must prove decidedly beneficial for Liptons. A further definite amalgamation between these companies and others carrying on similar businesses is believed to have been under discussion for a considerable period, and when it materializes, it is likely to enhance the security of these Lipton first preference shares, which, in any case, appear well secured in existing circumstances. In their class they therefore appear well worth locking away at the present level.

ROLLS-ROYCE

Investors who favour an ordinary share which shows a low yield but possesses ample scope for future capital appreciation, should not overlook the £1 ordinary shares of Rolls-Royce Limited. For the fourteen months ended December 31, 1929, shareholders received dividends at the rate of 10 per cent., less tax, which compared with earnings of 17½ per cent. per annum. The balance sheet shows a strong position, reserve funds amounting to £654,277 against an issued capital of £818,962 in £1 ordinary shares.

RECENT ISSUES

The recent strength of the gilt-edged market led to an improvement in the prices of many new issues from the discount at which dealings in them opened to a premium. An attractive new issue, however, which can still be purchased at a discount is the State of San Paulo 7 Per Cent. Loan, recently offered at 96. It will probably be remembered that this loan, which was brought out under very powerful auspices, has a maximum life of ten years and the bonds appear decidedly attractive for mixing purposes at the present level.

Attention is also drawn to the recently issued 5 per cent. Niger debentures, guaranteed by Lever Brothers, which were issued at 94 and, at the present premium, still constitute an attractive investment. This issue was very largely over-applied for.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway.

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Company Meeting

ANTOFAGASTA (CHILI) AND
BOLIVIA RAILWAY

The Forty-second Annual General Meeting of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company, Ltd., was held on June 10 at Winchester House, E.C.

Mr. A. W. Bolden (Chairman and Managing Director), who presided, said that there were some features of the year's working which under the circumstances must afford some satisfaction. The gross receipts of £1,997,328 exceeded those of the previous year by £155,486, and it was interesting to record that that year in turn had showed an increase of £151,872 over 1927. Nitrate, copper and tin, the items which constituted the chief down traffic, had all contributed to the improved receipts. Nitrate gave 638,101 tons, as compared with 614,085 tons in 1928. In the early part of the year they were hopeful of even better tonnage than actually resulted, but later sales of nitrate fell off, and in the second half of the year there was a tendency towards decreasing production. The tonnage of copper was 137,596, compared with 119,510 in 1928. During the major portion of the year traffic in the ore was good, but conditions changed, and towards the end they found themselves facing a decreasing tonnage. Mainly as a result of the increased output of the Patino Mines and Enterprises Consolidated Incorporated, the traffic in tin from Bolivia for 1929 constituted a record in the company's history.

Everything possible had been done to meet road competition. The speeding-up of the parcels service and rearrangement of tariff bases had had a good effect, and shareholders could rest assured that the board would continue to take whatever steps were necessary to secure to the railway such traffic as there was offering.

Working expenses exceeded those of 1928 by £139,342, the percentage of operation costs to gross receipts for the Railway and Waterworks combined being 62.54 per cent, as compared with 60.26 per cent. for the preceding year. The net receipts were £748,161; £194,349 was brought into the accounts as a result of 2½ years' interest on the 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds in the Bolivia Railway Company, and income from other investments and certain discounts realized £25,560; £241,618 was brought forward, giving a total credit of £1,210,121. The directors had decided to continue the conservative financial policy hitherto followed, and had appropriated £100,000 to reserve: to the staff benevolent fund was allocated £15,000 and it was proposed to pay a final dividend of 4 per cent. year. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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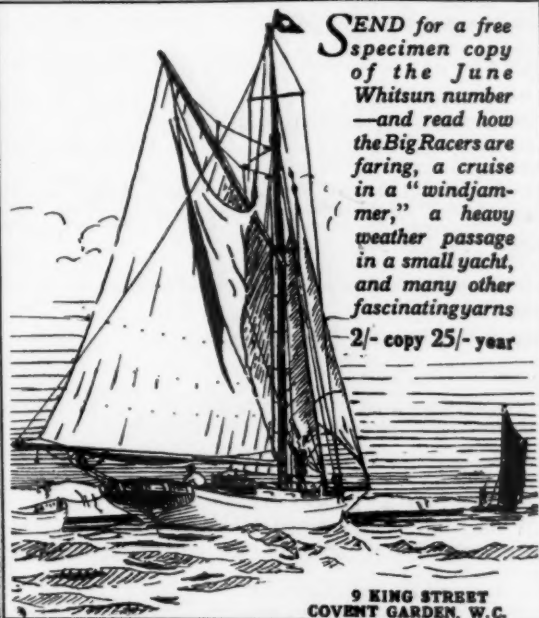
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